

# COUNTRY LIFE

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**THE** Journal for all interested in

**Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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## THE EASTER EXODUS.

ALTHOUGH we have a lively apprehension of the wisdom of the proverb which says, "Never prophesy unless you know," it seems to us that it could be foretold with a near approach to certainty that the exodus from London will this year be one of the greatest on record. It is not usual for a prophet to give reasons, but ours are obvious. Never in the history of any man living has bad weather been so depressing and so prolonged as it has been since last Easter. A long hard frost has its drawbacks, but it at least stimulates all who have strength and energy to seek exercise in the open air. The continuous downpour of rain has discouraged people from going out, but now they are all waiting eagerly to hear the call of spring. They have had a promise of it in the beautiful weeks that March has given us, and it is only reasonable to anticipate that all who can manage to do so will rush to the country. Happily, the number of amusements open to them is considerably larger than used to be the case. A quarter of a century ago the number of people playing golf in England was very small indeed; now the links of all the seaside resorts and country places will be crowded. Nor could those who have been long in city pent desire a more pleasurable or healthy exercise. As we write, again, the roads seem in a fair way to become sound and passable, the March wind and sun having effectually disposed of the mud; and it is astonishing what a large proportion of people nowadays depend on the highway for their amusement. Motorists are, of course, easily first, and can at such a time enjoy their hobby at its best. They can get far away from the smoke and turmoil of towns, and if they are wise they will stay at nights in some country inn and enjoy the plain and wholesome fare which, we are glad to know, is still provided in many of these places. In fact, the motorist and the cyclist between them are effecting a steady revolution in the country inn.

They are educating the taste of the landlord and his assistants up to a decent level. The only danger is that they will refine too much. The moment that the country inn becomes in the slightest degree fashionable it is apt to be spoiled. A tariff is adopted from town, late dinners are instituted, and the food provided becomes a bad imitation of what one finds in a London restaurant. It ought to be made a crime, punishable by law, for the landlord of a village inn to perpetrate a made dish, or even depart from the plain roast and boiled that contented his ancestors. As a matter of fact, the visitor from town derives more pleasure from a complete change than from the provision of knick-knacks to which he very probably is accustomed every day of his life.

The humbler cyclist is innocuous in this respect. He is like Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and does not expect to find the comforts of the salt market in the "Hielands." The same thing may be said of the pedestrian, who we imagine has somewhat diminished in numbers since cycling and motoring became the rage, but there is a great deal in favour of going on foot. He who trusts to his own shoe-leather is independent of the highway. He can take the footpaths and leave even tracks behind as he marches over moor and mountain. There are times when any sort of carriage becomes an impediment, and no way of studying Nature, at least, has ever yet been invented that is equal to walking. It was, we think, Thoreau who said that the man was richest who had least baggage to carry, and if the walking tourist is content to do with such comfort and accessories as can be crushed into a small haversack he need not find the weight at all oppressive. Moreover, he is under no compulsion to go at any given rate or any given distance. Where the scenery is fine he can loiter; where he finds it uninteresting he can walk at five or six miles an hour. It is true he must be content with such fare as can be got. Hunger may overtake him at the humblest wayside inn, or even where there is no inn, but only a cottage. Yet in England it is difficult to get quite beyond the range of bread and cheese with a glass of beer, which is fare good enough for any but a Sybarite. It is generally possible, too, to get to a fair hostelry at night where food may be procured that will be enjoyed all the more if there has been some forced abstinence during the daytime. It is a good rule of the road to start with a decent breakfast. A mutton chop or a beef-steak that would not be looked at in town can be readily disposed of by a man who has walked some twenty or thirty miles the day before. One who was very fond of walking tours, and performed them after he had passed the allotted three score and ten of man's life, used to declare that lunch was poison. On his expeditions he invariably contented himself with a glass of small beer and a biscuit. But then he always planned to have a solid and substantial repast about eight o'clock. He did his walking in two stages as a rule. Like all true lovers of the country, he thought that there is a tenderness and beauty about the morning light which is not found in any other part of the day. If he did not wake with a keen appetite he walked four or five miles before breakfast, which generally produced the required keenness, but he loved best a very early breakfast, after which he dawdled for a mile, smoking his pipe, and then began resolutely to walk for two or three hours, resting at midday and closing his journey at about six in the evening. Four days of this did him an immense amount of good.

One of the most interesting forms of touring in any way is to cross the Channel and do it amongst strange people and in strange lands. There is a certain refreshment in the change and novelty which is not to be found in our own country. Indeed, that is true of all the recreations of spring. You can not only walk and cycle and motor on the Continent, but play golf as well. Fishing, too, is at this season just beginning to resume its old fascination, and though the waterside is somewhat chilly it is at this season of the year extremely interesting. Every angler is, or should be, a lover of Nature, and he will find now that the feathered and furred companions who have been the familiars of his favourite stream have returned and are engaged in the domestic duties that belong to the time of year. Very pleasant it is to see the moorhens chasing one another among the dry reeds and the voles coming out again on the catkins of the willows, while wild flowers and herbage are putting forth their tender buds, and insect life is resuming its myriads and its activity. So does "Aprilus with his showres swete" resume the fascination that Nature exercises upon man, and we welcome his flower-strown feet, "April's feet the fleet and fair."

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Malcolm, who recently married Mr. Ronald Malcolm, elder son of Mr. William Rolle Malcolm, of Walton Manor, Epsom. Mrs. Malcolm is the third daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir R. W. Duff.



THE month of March has reversed the record. For nearly a year now the principal thing to find out about every month was how much wetter it was than any month which preceded it, but March, up to the time of writing, has distinguished itself by the number of dry, beautiful sunshiny days, with only some uncomfortable alternations of cold and heat to prevent us from imagining that it was May. In the country the effect is very visible. The first green buds are appearing on the bushes. Fresh grass is offering a tender mouthful to the ewes and lambs, which are now beginning to decorate the landscape. The ploughmen have been able to get to work at last, and are rapidly making up for lost time. Fields that have lain under water the whole of the winter have resumed their normal appearance, and altogether the world has become quite springlike and hopeful. The very birds by the ardour of their songs testify to the agreeableness of the change.

Our *entente cordiale* with France is exciting a great deal of comment in the other Continental capitals, and the criticisms passed upon it are a tribute to the foresight and wisdom of our Government. There are many things for which we do not admire the present Administration, but people of either party ought to acknowledge that their policy in regard to the great Powers has been singularly wise and prudent. This new understanding with France is as likely as anything could be to counteract the effect of certain machinations that have been going on. It certainly would not have been of any advantage to our neighbour to get embroiled in the Far Eastern turmoil, where her interests are not comparable in importance to ours, and in a sense are identical. If by diplomacy or otherwise we maintain the "open door," it is not for a purely selfish end. Other countries receive the same commercial benefits which we do. In regard to the minor questions affected by the understanding it is well that possible causes of friction should be removed; but the great thing is to maintain peace, and it is no secret that the head of this realm looks upon that as a cardinal point of policy.

On the other hand, the German newspapers have offered some very curious reading during the past fortnight. The publicists of that country did not conceal their satisfaction at the abuse hurled at us by Russia; but the Russian Press possesses even less freedom than that of Germany, and the powers that be ordered that henceforth the journalists should write courteously of England, and the abuse ceased. For once interference with the independence of the Press had a salutary result. But the Germans have got other things to think about. In their hearts they know that *La Revanche* is still an ambition far from being extinct in France, and a clear understanding between the French Government and the British Government making for peace in every quarter of the globe does not tend to lessen the German anxiety. One is easily able to read as much as that between the lines of the newspapers that have published comments during the last few days.

For some days past the newspapers have been publishing obituary notices of a "well-graced actor" who left their stage last week just too late for us to mention the fact in our last issue. Sir Edwin Arnold was a very fine type of journalist, who since the year 1861 had been associated with the *Daily Telegraph*. Personally speaking, he was an ideal man for such a position, and when other newspapers were giving way to the temptation to trade on mere names by publishing signed articles, he remained steadily in favour of the anonymity of the Press. Intellectually speaking, he was a man of great ability, yet not too great for the post he held. His literary style was characteristic, flowing, and flowery, and perhaps too full of ornament. He was largely responsible for the "young lions," whom his namesake, the critic, used to laugh at, and what at one time it was customary to call "the ravings of the *D.T.*" were only an exaggeration of his style of writing. But that was almost the

only fault he had. He maintained the newspaper at a very high level in every direction, though perhaps it has worshipped too devoutly at the shrine of popular success.

As a man of letters a criticism of the same kind may be passed upon Sir Edwin Arnold. His poetry split the ears of the groundlings, because they thought it very learned when he wrote, "He said: Khamoshi! hush!" or brought in similar tags from the shining Orient. But in spite of that, he possessed a fine and graceful fancy that would have entitled him to a place in the *Helicon* invented by the late Mr. Locker Lampson when he compiled his "*Lyra Elegantiarum*." The verses "To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers" in one of his more recent volumes were quite up to the high-water mark of that excellent anthology. Sir Edwin Arnold fought a strenuous fight in a time when giants were the protagonists, and he emerged from the conflict not without well-deserved laurels on his brow.

Like another celebrity whom we lost only a few weeks ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Sir Edwin Arnold left directions that his body should be cremated. This custom is a growing one, and it must be in its favour that so many of the leading intellectual men of the time prefer it to the old-fashioned form of interment. Of course, in doing so they are going back to the antique usage. The warrior of the earliest historical times considered this the best and most cleanly way to get rid of the physical body in which his soul had been encased; and it is a tribute to his wisdom that in these late ages of the world thinkers should come round to his way and do as he did. Christianity has, of course, had much to do with the preservation of the body, though in that it only followed the example of the Egyptians, but none of its doctrines is outraged by cremation. In fact, there are few who would pretend to say so at this time of day.

#### MOTTOES FOR SEVEN OLD WARMING-PANS.

(In the possession of the Rev. R. Hanbury-Miers)

##### I.

With this pan from toe to head  
Doe I warm my guest's bed.  
With good loving in my heart  
Doe I bid him come and part.

##### II.

As doth this pan hot coals inurn,  
So in my heart Love's fires doe burn.

##### III.

Let either sheet  
Be fine and sweet,  
The pillow deep,  
Inviting sleep.  
From top to toe  
For heartsome glow,  
Pass me, sweet Nan,  
This warming-pan.

##### IV.

Let thy love to fellow-man  
Glow as doth this warming-pan.

##### V.

Life's a bed that's chill  
With every kind of ill.  
Love's the warming-pan  
Warming it to man.

##### VI.

May thy face, like this pan's dial,  
Shine through every daily trial.

##### VII.

This warming-pan that looks so cold  
The fire's hottest ash doth hold.  
So deepest love doth often hide  
Beneath a face of quiet pride.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

It is a very great compliment to Lord Curzon of Kedleston that he has been appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in place of the late Marquess of Salisbury. The office has not the important duties attached to it that it had in old times, and is purely an honorary post; but it has been held by so many men of rare distinction that it is the highest honour to follow them. Walmer Castle, too, is a much-prized residence. It was built by Henry VIII. as a blockhouse, and was architecturally the same as the castles of Deal and Sandown, but very little remains to-day of the original form, although the windows still look out on a lovely seascape. In the latter part of the eighteenth century William Pitt was Lord Warden, and the room is still shown in which he used to confer with Nelson. The Duke of Wellington went there every autumn from 1829 till he died. Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville, and Mr. W. H. Smith are some of the more recent occupants.

A book that is being expected with more than common interest is the "*Autobiography of Herbert Spencer*," which is to



be published next month. The eighty-fourth anniversary of Mr. Spencer's birthday is April 27th, and on that day the book will probably appear. The literary interest will centre round George Eliot, who was very intimate with Spencer at one period of their lives. Professor Huxley, who before he died read the autobiography, made the remark that it reminded him of the confessions of Rousseau without possessing any of the objectionable features of that celebrated work, but, of course, the main interest one would expect to lie in the steady development of the philosopher's ideas during a long lifetime.

Somehow the exhibition of the Royal Academy is associated in our minds with thoughts of summer, and the winter has seemed so endless that it is a pleasant surprise to have it brought up. Sunday last was the show day of the "outsiders," and there is every promise of a fine exhibition. Mr. Edward Stott has four characteristic pictures. Two are of moonlight effects, and in another he has more of the delightful naked boys which charmed the spectators so much two or three years ago. Mr. Sargent will show a portrait of Lord Londonderry. Mr. T. C. Gotch has a portrait of a little girl in white, "Olga," and a scheme in colour called "The Necklace." Mr. Robert Brough, of whose work we have not seen nearly enough recently, is showing a full-length portrait of the Marquess of Linlithgow, which is to be presented to him by the Scottish people in recognition of his distinguished services abroad. As far as one can judge, the exhibition ought to be exceptionally interesting. The pictures are being sent to Burlington House now, and the difficult matter of choice will be proceeded with at once.

The increasing extent to which townspeople patronise eating-houses is brought out in a marked manner by the report of the Medical Officer of Health for the City of London. In six years the number of restaurants in the City has grown from 614 to 909, an increase of nearly 50 per cent. These places employ among them 3,483 men and 6,405 women. As the population of the City has not received any extraordinary influx during that time, it follows that the custom of these places must be due to a change in the habits of the people. Separate meals, such as tea and luncheon, are taken very much more in a restaurant than used to be the case. Moreover, the tea has become a much more popular refreshment, and perhaps the increase to some extent is due to the really cheap and pleasant manner in which it is served. But entertainment of all kinds is far more frequent at hotels than used to be the case. In this respect we seem to be imitating the French. The Medical Officer has been examining the kitchens and cooking arrangements, and his report on them is not quite so satisfactory as we could have wished. It cannot be pleasant for those who patronise these places to know that the workers are often clad in "evil-smelling garments." This is a point that the owners might very well look to.

Unfortunately, this was not the only fault Dr. William Collingridge had to find with the arrangements. He says that tables, benches, and cooking utensils were frequently found in a dirty condition. Out of the 909 kitchens 506 were in the basement. Of the total number of places visited 135 were badly ventilated, the walls and ceilings of 264 were dirty, the floor was defective in 39, the drains were defective in 60, sinks and waste-pipes were defective in 83, in 79 the cisterns were not covered or had defective covers, in 126 the cisterns needed cleansing, the receptacles for refuse were defective in 97, and 503 general defects are enumerated. Instances were also discovered of "a sink full of vegetables, dirty plates, etc.," being the only accommodation available for persons to wash in, and other arrangements, on which we cannot comment here, were found to be, to put it mildly, scarcely ideal. Thus there is plenty of room for improvement in these places, and as many of the companies owning them pay good dividends, there is no reason why the recommendation of the Medical Officer of Health should not be strictly enforced.

In the month of May an experiment on a very large scale is to be made in Scotland. The magistrates of Edinburgh and Glasgow, acting on a discretionary power, have ordered that after that date all public-houses are to be closed at ten o'clock. It will be interesting to watch how this arrangement works. As a general proposition no one, we think, will deny that it is for the benefit of those chiefly concerned that they should go home and go to bed at ten o'clock. If a workman has to rise early in the morning, and wishes to do so fit and well, he should prepare for it by taking a generous allowance of sleep. The objection urged against the scheme is this. In the first place, the poor man says that this is law for the poor and not for the rich, because the rich man can go to his club and stay as long as he likes. Further opponents of the scheme assert that it will lead to the establishment of night drinking-clubs, and the drinking that goes on there is much worse, morally speaking, than that in the public-house. A proposal has been made that licensed places in London should be closed earlier, and perhaps the working

of this order in Edinburgh and Glasgow may throw some light on what is likely to happen here.

The newly-published Chinese Maritime Customs for 1903 are more interesting than pleasant to English manufacturers. Their chief feature lies in the development of the import of cotton fabrics from Japan, while British and American figures show a serious falling off, amounting under the various headings to between 11 and 40 per cent. English spun yarn has declined by 50 per cent. and Indian remains stationary, while the Japanese has increased 60 per cent. These changes have evidently been brought about by the development of direct intercourse between Japan and Northern China. In this connection it may be noted that the Russians have to add to the cost of the war, the loss, temporary or permanent, of the whole of their Oriental trade. They cannot send their goods by sea because of the enemy's fleet, and the railway has been taken possession of by the military authorities, so that no way of transmitting goods is practicable, unless it be by the old overland trade routes, which must greatly increase the price of transit. The war in other ways has dealt commerce a deadly blow.

#### THE EARTH-STOPPER.

Through soaking fields and gateways deep  
He plods, this toiler of the night,  
That luckier others, now asleep,  
Where he has sown the seed, may reap  
Their full delight.

The air is damp and chills his bones;  
Across the moon a black cloud flees;  
The wind, unresting, sobs and moans,  
Swishing, with dismal, ghostly tones,  
Among the trees.

And sounds, unnoticed in the day,  
Come echoing clearly through the gloom;  
A farm-dog's bark, a horse's neigh,  
A sheep's hard cough, and far away  
A church clock's boom.

But in the covert Silence sits  
Enthroned in solitude complete,  
Save when a brown owl past him flits,  
Or when a dead branch snaps to bits  
Beneath his feet.

Yet on he goes with fearless stride,  
To work when foxes hunt his rule,  
Through brushwood thick, o'er ditches wide,  
Until at length he stands beside  
The still, dark pool.

And there above the water's rim,  
Where in the spring the bulrush grows,  
His lantern's light, subdued and dim,  
Peopling the glade with shadows grim,  
The great Earth shows.

R. G. T. COCHRANE.

The depression in business is making itself felt in the auction-ring. Last week Mr. Miller-Hallett had the best sale of Jerseys which has taken place this year, but the average was only £28, as compared with £40 at a similar sale held two years ago. The principal buyers of cows, with the individual prices paid for them, were Lord Gerard, 36 guineas for Western Star; Lady de Rothschild, 34 guineas for Dulce of Oaklands; the Marquess of Linlithgow, 53 guineas for Havering Pearl; Mr. J. Carson, 30 guineas for Jersey Belle; and Lord Rothschild, 41 guineas for Lady of the Hills 6th. The highest price in the sale was obtained for the bull Golden Warrior, which fetched 72 guineas. At the same sale nineteen animals belonging to Mr. Armitage were sold, the highest prices realised by cows being 40 guineas for Pilot's Legacy 14th, 41 guineas for Farineuse, and 36 guineas for Golden Chance. These results are, of course, very satisfactory, but it has to be remembered that the cattle belonged to the choicest herds in England, and it was naturally to be expected that they would command first-class prices.

Last year we heard a good deal, and it is to be feared that there was no exaggeration in the accounts which reached us, of the hardships suffered in many of the fishing towns all down the coasts of France, by reason of the failure of the sardine fishery. Some apprehension was aroused that this might be the beginning of the end, that the sardine had made up its mind to come no more to the French coasts in anything like the old numbers. Happily this apprehension has been proved to be unfounded, and the sardines have shown themselves to be creatures of equal caprice with our own herring, and have returned this season in all their old abundance.

The latest news from the always interesting and mysterious land of Yukon is that the district is very much infested with wolves, far more so than is the case in most seasons, and in



consequence that the meat supply is running very short, because so much of the game has been hunted out of the district. We have been taught much of the meaning of wolves in that country by Mr. Jack London's "Call of the Wild," a book that has incidentally taught very many of us our first notions of what the life is like in the Great North-West. By the light of its teaching we can understand what it means when we are told that the only moose to be seen are accompanied by a pack of five or six wolves, giving the great creatures no rest for sleep or leisure to feed, until they fall of sheer exhaustion. And we can in some degree realise also the perils to the dog-teams, on which the travellers rely as their chief means of rapid locomotion and transport. The invasion of the wolves is a very real disaster in the Yukon region.

The time is now at hand when people who have been wintering abroad, in Southern France and elsewhere, begin to return home with a hope that the commencement of the English spring will greet their return. How that may be will depend a good deal on the part of England in which their home is situate. Of the general character of the winter and early spring in the resorts to which the Briton goes to find the winter tempered to him there can be no doubt at all. In general the weather was cold and wet in the earlier part of the season, and cold and fine, as a rule, in the later part. In consequence there has been less than usual of that delightful out-of-door life—lunching, tea-ing, even dining out-of-doors—which the Briton more especially enjoys because it is so very seldom that his own climate lends itself to the *al fresco* entertainment. This year there has been comparatively little of it. Nevertheless, those who were on the Riviera in late February and early March may be truly grateful on account of what they were spared at home.

In England it is to be feared that we are just a little backward in taking full advantage of the convenience of communication by telephone within all reasonable distances, and that both in the United States and on the Continent other countries are ahead of us. London and some other of our big cities are fairly well equipped with an adequate telephonic service, but in the country districts generally it is conspicuous by its absence. The latest returns, however, of the management of the telephones in the island of Guernsey seem to show this means of communication reduced to its most effective and least expensive perfection. The number of installations, according to these returns, is 1,217; that is to say, about one for every thirty-three inhabitants. The average cost of each installation has been only £17 9s. 5d., and the receipts average £3 6s. 9½d. a line. These are figures which ought to serve as a useful object-lesson.

The admiration which is still felt for Charles Dickens was curiously illustrated in the course of the sale of a sportsman's library at Sotheby's the other day. A copy of his comic burletta, "A Strange Gentleman," first performed at the St. James's Theatre, September 29th, 1836, was sold for £141. It was a first edition with a frontispiece by "Phiz," and was in the original wrappers. A proof of his speech at the meeting of the Administrative Reform Association at Drury Lane, June 27th, 1855, was sold for £31. It contained numerous corrections in the handwriting of the author and was bound by Zahnsdorf. The sale altogether was a very successful one. Five volumes of "Boxiana" went for £25; "Life in Paris," £58 10s.; "The Life of a Sportsman," £29; "The Humourist," by George Cruikshank, £30; "The Life of an Actor," £20. These are a few of the prices, and they go to show how highly the collector prizes rare sporting works.

## FLAME ON THE WIND.

O wind without that moans and cries, O dark wind in my soul!

I would I were the wet wild wind that's blowing to the Pole!

I'd seek the plunging bergs of ice to cool my flaming heart . . .

O Flaming Heart,

I'd drown you deep where the great icebergs roll!

I'd follow on thy beating wings the wings of the wild geese,

I'd seek among the plunging hills the phantom-flight of peace . . .

O is there peace for hearts of fire in gloom and cold and flight—

Torches of night

Mid swaying bergs that grind the trampling seas?

O wind without and rain without, O melancholy choir

Of tempest in the lonely night and tempest-whirled desire,

What if there be no peace amid the snow-clouds of the Pole . . .

O Burning Soul

Can hills of ice assuage this whirling fire!

O wet wild wind bow down dark wings and winnow me away,

Whirl me on mighty shadowy wings where's neither night nor day,

Where mid the plunging bergs of ice may fade a whirling flame . . .

O Heart of Flame! . . .

Mid dirges of white shapes that plunge and sway.

FIONA MACLEOD.

## THE DECAY OF EASTER CUSTOMS.

THE photographs which we are reproducing on the following pages will serve as a melancholy reminder to many readers of the falling away of many ecclesiastical and popular customs connected with Easter and Eastertide. These beautiful and interesting monuments are generally known as Easter sepulchres, and up to the sixteenth century were associated with one of the oldest customs of the Church. Every Good Friday, after the solemn service of that saddest of all the feasts of the Church, the Holy Sacrament, together with the Crucifix, was placed within the recess of the sepulchre. Lights were kept burning in front of it, and the devout kept vigil there until Easter morning. Very early on the day of the Resurrection priests and people partook of the Holy Communion. These sepulchres seem to

have been common all over England, but many were movable and of wood, so that their destruction was only a matter of time.

Of the examples illustrated the finest is that from Hawton Church in Nottinghamshire. As can be seen from the detail work, it is in beautiful preservation. Our second picture shows the favourite theme of the sculptors who carved these monuments, that is to say, two soldiers sleeping at the Tomb of Our Lord. A very good one is that from Irnham Church, Lincolnshire. It has been removed from the choir to the east end of the north aisle, and probably has been slightly altered in the process. That in Navenby Church shows three soldiers standing, but in the course of ages they have been considerably mutilated. The one in Heckington Church, Lincolnshire,

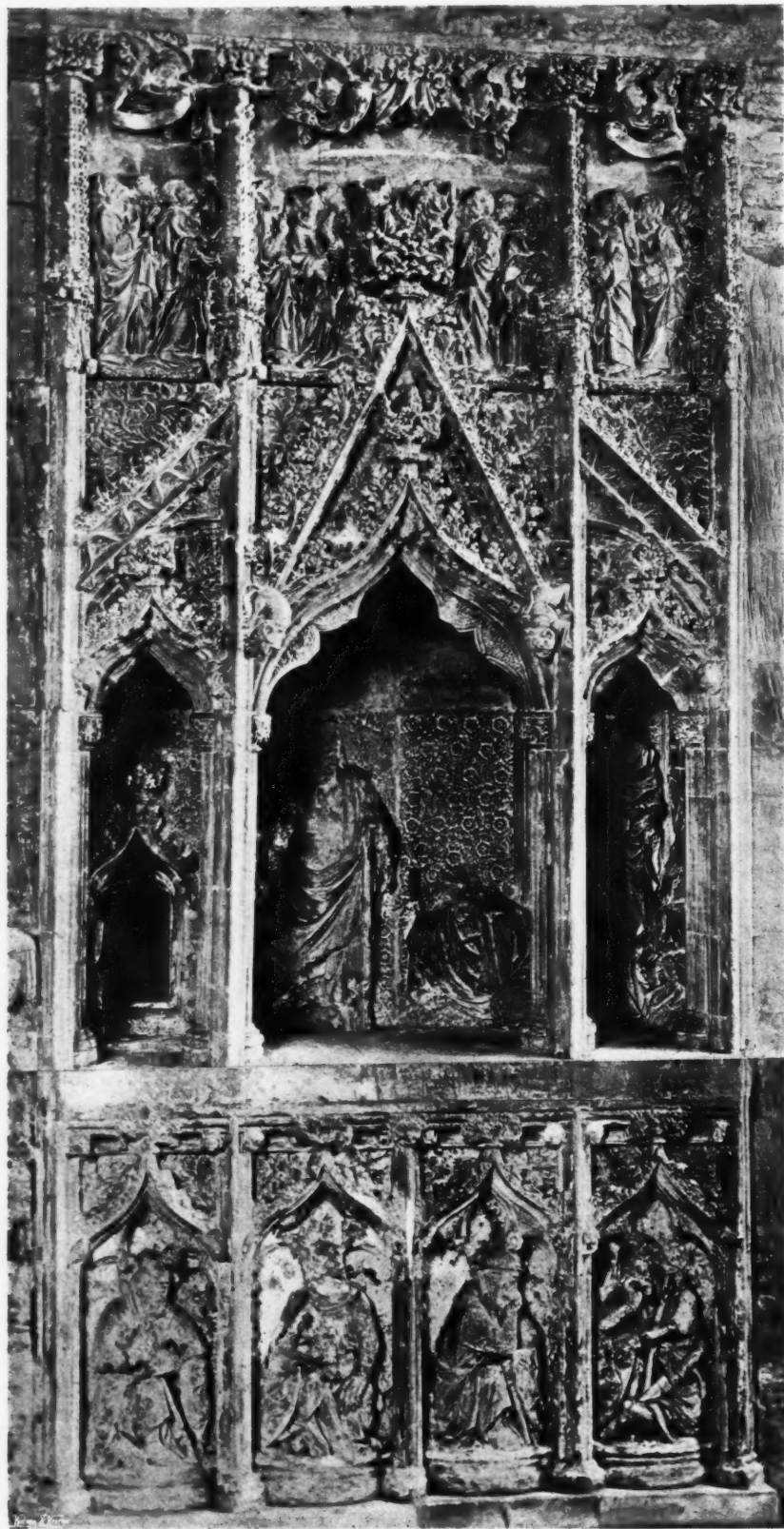
also has the three soldiers. As we have said, these things serve mostly to remind us of customs that have passed away. A very great change, no doubt, came over England after the Reformation, yet the Puritans did not succeed in changing the national life to the extent they had hoped. Long after the Restoration Easter still was kept in the old fashion. Indeed, it was bound to be, because the basis

season. Primitive man seems by impulse to have fixed upon this time as he fixed upon midwinter and midsummer as periods of rejoicing. Midwinter led to carnival probably because in those early times the long dark days rendered hunting and work impossible. Most of the rites and ceremonies of midsummer have been traced to sun-worship. They are all more or less connected with fire, and that glorious moment of the year would naturally call forth the devotion of those who looked upon the sun as at once the fountain and guardian of life.

But at Easter the heart rejoices because the rising blood of spring is now chasing away the chilling humours of winter. No doubt the choice of an egg as the symbol for this feast had something to do with the rebirth of spring. The egg contains the principle of life. Even it, however, has been replaced by mere confection, sold in shops. Every country has its own customs connected with eggs, and even in various districts of England there used to be a difference. In the part with which the writer was most familiar in childhood the village children rose early on Easter Monday morning, and set out with baskets to visit the farmhouses in the neighbourhood, where they begged eggs. These were put into a pot, hard-boiled, and dyed, mostly with the homely material to be found near the village. The flowers of the gorse were supposed to produce the prettiest tint, though it was too delicate to please the general taste, but onion peelings, coffee grounds, and similar materials were used with great effect. Then, afternoon having arrived, these were taken to the village green, or a meadow consecrated to that purpose by long usage, and the boys and girls played many games with the eggs till they were broken and gave place to balls, or until the children were tired of the games, and set off birds'-nesting, for Easter among boys has long been regarded as the beginning of the birds'-nesting period. In Lancashire it is said that until a few years ago there remained traces of a dialogue used on this occasion, and there can be little doubt that in early Roman Catholic times the custom was to have a kind of Passion Play which friars went from place to place acting. The observance, in fact, was extremely like the observance of Christmas. In both cases the Roman Catholic clergy, with an adaptability characteristic of them, grafted their church ideas on the ancient Pagan customs, and they seem to have taken a very great delight in the Passion Play, which had a literalness and a sort of familiarity with angels and the Divinity that probably did not strike the primitive people of those days as being so unseemly as it would appear to us to-day.

Perhaps the greatest difference that exists between our day and those dim years of the past lies in the spirit. Easter, in a sense, is more widely kept now than it ever was, but whereas our ancestors wanted to obtain over all things a religious sanction, and were reverent even in the seeming irreverence of their proceedings, this idea, if it has not departed altogether, has shrunk to small dimensions. Here and there a few devout people still keep Easter in the old way. They deny themselves on Good Friday, and on Easter Day, before an altar decorated with the first fresh flowers of spring, they perform the religious rites as piously as did George Herbert in his small parsonage at Bemerton. But the railway returns show that the great majority of the people have now very different ideas about Easter. More of them every year cross the Channel, and no one supposes this pilgrimage to have a religious object. In the most remote parts of the country golf links that have

not been much patronised during the earlier part of the year are now crowded with strangers from town. Seaside lodgings are at a discount, and where the trout stream runs between banks not yet enriched with spring's herbage the persistent angler may be seen whipping his fly. It is an established fact that every year sees a greater exodus from the towns at Eastertide, and of those that go away it is but the truth to say that they are frankly bent on pleasure.



F. Parkinson. EASTER SEPULCHRE, HAWTON CHURCH.

Copyright

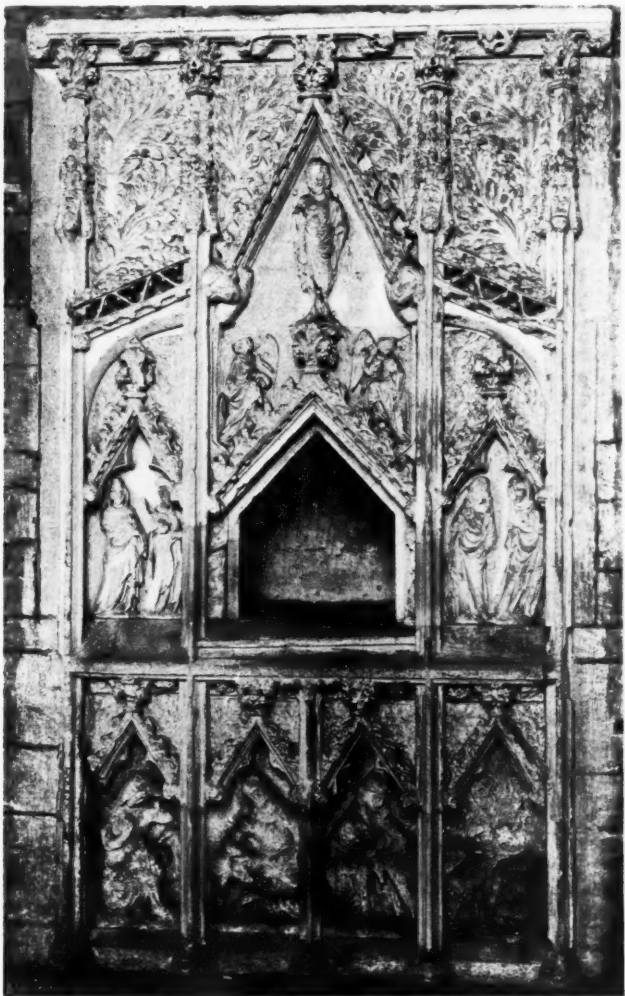
of the festival is not connected with any dogma or religion, but, like all the great feasts of the year, has for foundation a central fact of Nature. It is pre-eminently the feast of spring, and the name calls up with it the mingled associations of spring lingering in the lap of winter—the wind that, though pure and balmy, still retains some of winter's chill; the landscape showing bud and blossom, and yet not recovered from the barrenness and bleakness of the dead





F. Parkinson. *THE SLEEPING SOLDIERS.* Copyright

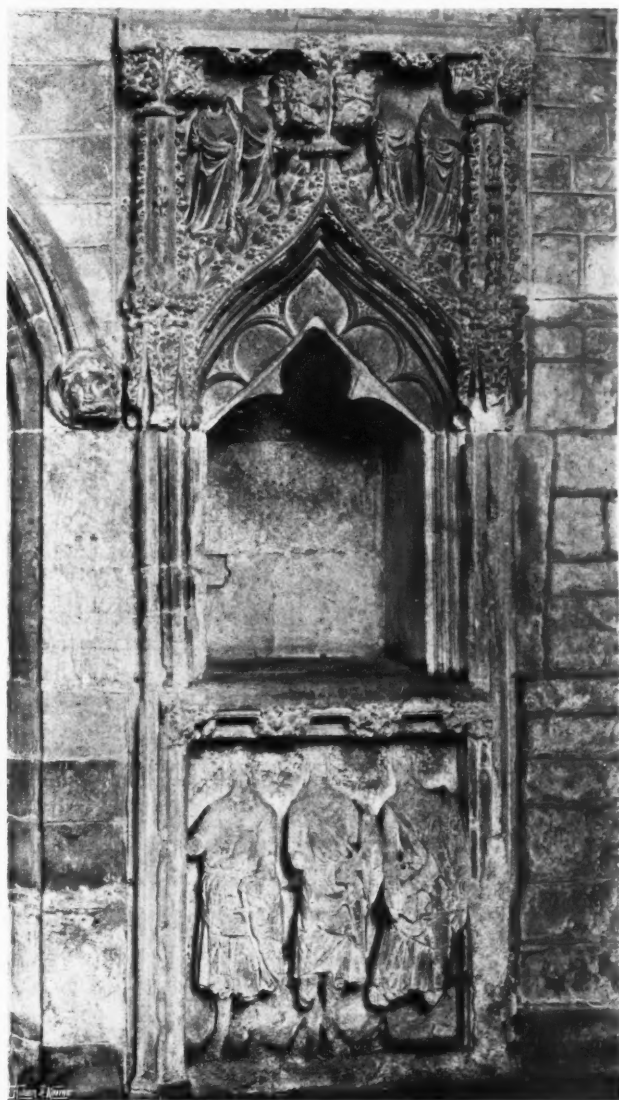
They do not make even a pretence of anything else. It is a remarkable difference to come across the spirit of a nation; and one cannot help at times reflecting that the great deeds in the world have invariably been done by those whom the classical writers described as fearing the gods.



F. Parkinson. *HECKINGTON CHURCH.* Copyright

What the expression meant it is not easy to define; but if the gods be taken in no literal sense, but as meaning those irresistible forces and unchanging laws which impose the conditions under which man lives, moves, and has his being, then it is as true to-day as ever it was that it is necessary to a man's health, mental and bodily, that he should fear or, if the word be liked better, reverence the gods.

That is carrying us a long way from our Easter customs and their decay. Yet it is a reflection to which that line of thought leads naturally and inevitably. It is with no pessimistic feeling that we notice these things. As long as people are attracted to the open air and the sunshine, we feel convinced that whatever their professions may be, they are in the way to health and strength. Some, no doubt, find their consolation in churches, and in the teaching of the priests, and the music of the organ, but others find a fane as high under the blue sky, music as sweet in the sound of blowing wind and the murmur of running water, teaching as pure and direct in the contemplation of that visible and ordered



F. Parkinson. *NAVENBY CHURCH.* Copyright

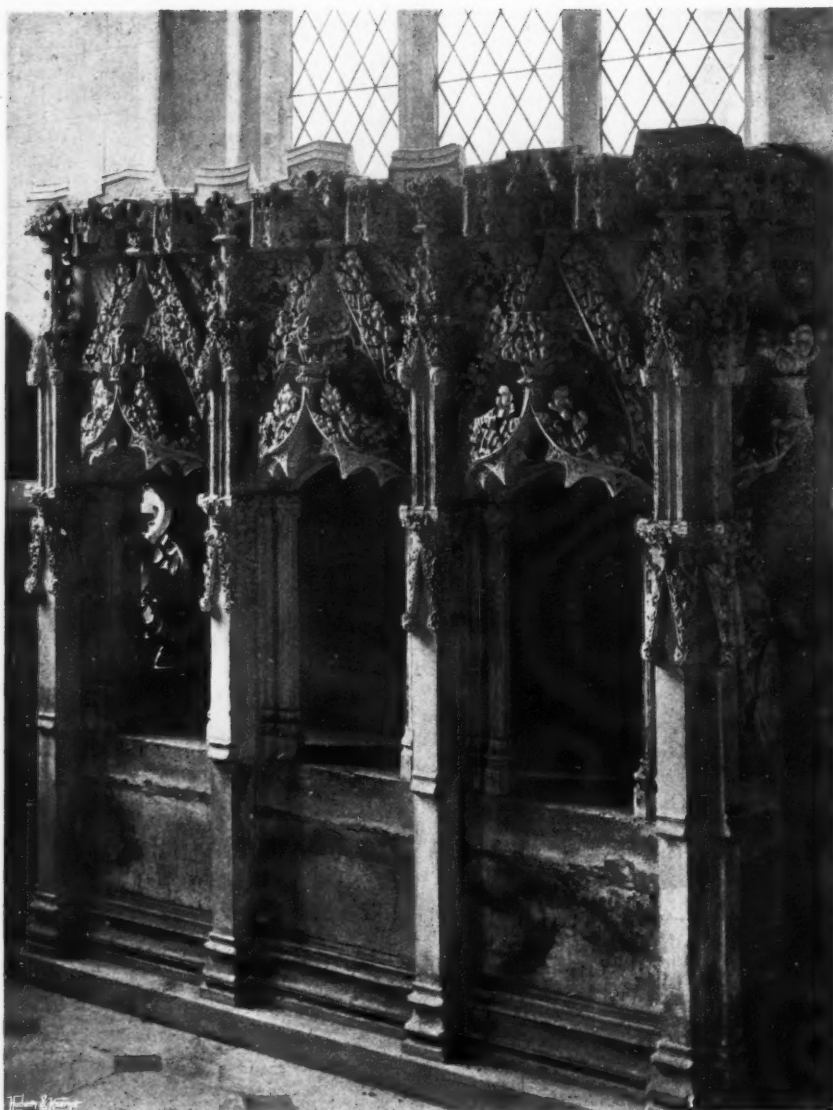
beauty that guides alike the voice of the tiniest bird and the wheeling of the universe.

When we come to study the universal we shall find, probably, that the same simple and natural emotion is but finding expression in different ways. It is the charm of a writer like George Herbert that he could mingle one with the other. Something of that familiarity which we have referred to in the old-fashioned play is seen in his Good Friday poem with its curious conceits:

"Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,  
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,  
And make a suit unto him, to afford  
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

"In heaven at his manour I him sought:  
They told me there, that he was lately gone  
About some land, which he had dearly bought  
Long since on earth, to take possession.





F. Parkinson. EASTER SEPULCHRE, IRNHAM CHURCH.

Copyright

"I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,  
Sought him accordingly in great resorts;  
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:  
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth  
Of theeves and murderers: there I him espied  
Who straight, Your suit is granted, said, and died."

And love of Nature mingles beautifully with tender devotion in his "Easter":

"I got me flowers to straw thy way;  
I got me boughs off many a tree:  
But thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

"The Sunne arising in the East,  
Though he give light, and th' East perfume;  
If they should offer to contest  
With thy arising, they presume.

"Can there be any day but this,  
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour;  
We count three hundred, but we misse;  
There is but one, and that one ever."

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SCOTTISH wit and humour have brought into existence many volumes of pleasant reading, to which we are glad to welcome an addition in the shape of Sir Archibald Geikie's *Scottish Reminiscences* (Maclehose). In a preface he informs us that he revised his stories very carefully for the purpose of weeding out chestnuts. Success in that direction was scarcely possible of attainment, and a few old familiars crop up now and then which, whether they have been printed or not, have at least been handed about in smoke-rooms for a quarter of a century. Take, for example, this one relating to the wealthy ironmasters, who rose from poverty to great wealth in Glasgow about the middle of last century.

"A wealthy ironmaster called on a country squire and was ushered into the library. He had never seen such a room before, and was much impressed with the handsome cases and the array of well-bound volumes that filled their shelves. The next time he went to Glasgow he made a point of calling at a well-known bookseller's, when the following conversation is reported to have taken place:

"I want you to get me a leebrary."

"Very well, Mr. —; I'll be very pleased to supply you with books. Can you give me any list of such books as you would like?"

"Ye ken mair about buiks than I do, so you can choose them yoursell."

"Then you leave the selection entirely to me. Would you like them bound in Russia or Morocco?"

"Russia or Morocco! Can ye no' get them bund in Glasco?"

Even a better illustration of the condition in which these men's minds were is suggested by the following. Two of the most famous of them had met at market, when over the usual "gill" they began a discussion about the Lord's Prayer, which ended in their making a bet of £50 that the chief disputant could not repeat it. When the money was laid he began, "The Lord's my shepherd, I shall not want." He had got no further when the other man cried, "Stop, stop! Ye can tak' the money, I never knew ye kent it." No doubt this is a chestnut, too, but it is at least as good a chestnut as the one given by Sir Archibald Geikie.

Another veritable chestnut is the story told about Sandy Russell and the minister. The great editor was fishing in a remote part of the country when a minister, not knowing who he was, happened to come up. He asked a lot of questions.

"The editor replied civilly to the battery of queries, and at last began to catechise in his turn.

"And are you, too, a fisher?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I have no time for angling. You see, I am a fisher of men."

"And have you much success in your line?"

"Not nearly as much as I could wish."

"Ay, I can believe that. I looked into your creel (the church) yesterday and there were very few fish in it."

It ought in fairness to be said of the author that he admitst his to have been told before, and claims only to give a correct version. There is, however, a great difference in stories, and those that are most valuable are such as, in addition to having a certain amount of wit and humour, illustrate the manners and customs of the people. We give the following as an example:

"A former minister of the parish of Kirkmichael, in Ayrshire, was resting in his study one Saturday afternoon, after having finished the preparation of his sermon for next day, when he was startled with sounds of violent quarrelling in his own house. He jumped up from his easy chair, opened the door, and heard the angry voice of his own 'man' shouting in the kitchen, 'Na, noo, ye limmer, tho' I chase ye to Jericho I'll catch ye.' The minister rushed off to save life, burst into the kitchen, and found there, to his great surprise, nobody but the man himself who worked on the glebe, and who was now seated at a table taking his supper. 'John, John, what's the meaning o' this? What were ye swearing at? Wha were ye fechtin' wi'?' 'Me, minister,' said the astonished John, 'I'm no fechtin', I'm no swearin' at onybody, I'm only suppin' thae cauld sowens oot o' a pewter plate wi' this thick horn-spoon, and they're gey an' fickle to catch.'"

In this paragraph there is quite a little cameo of the humorous minister of the old school and of his servant John, who so often was a character. Something of the same kind might be said about the following story from the Cheviots. It is exactly like what the simple shepherds of that wild district would do.

"A sheep farmer in the Cheviot Hills had been told that it was useful to have a barometer in the house, for it would let him know when the weather would be good or bad. He was accordingly persuaded to procure a mercurial instrument with a large round dial, which he hung up in his lobby, and duly consulted every day without much edification. At last there came a spell of rainy weather, while the barometer marked 'set fair.' The rain continued to fall heavily, and still the hand on the dial made no sign of truth. At last he took the instrument from its nail, and marched with it to the bottom of the garden, where a burn, swollen with the drainage of the higher slopes, was rushing along, brown and muddy. He then thrust the glass into the water, exclaiming, 'Will you believe your ain een noo, then?'"

Even in the anecdote which we are about to quote there is a fine touch of mother wit, though, as Sir Archibald points out, it might have been written in what Mrs. Slipslop called "ironing":

"There was unconscious satire in the answer given by a housemaid to her mistress, who was puzzled to conjecture how far the girl could be intelligible in London, whence she had returned to Scotland.

" 'You speak such broad Scotch, Kate, that I wonder how they could understand you in London.'

" 'O but, mam, I aye spak' English there.'

" 'Did you? And how did you manage that?'

" 'O, mam, there's naethin' easier. Ye maun spit oot a' the r's and gi'e the words a bit chow in the middle.'

The man-servant is often the hero of the good story in Scotland, and here is one that is at least new to the writer:

"A country doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning he was met by the butler, to whom he said: 'Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day?' The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: 'Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysell. Ye see he deed at twal o'clock.'

As might be expected, the University students, who in Scotland have always been on curious terms with the professors, furnish some good anecdotes. Here is an excellent one:

"A medical professor having been appointed physician to Queen Victoria, the announcement of this honour was written up on the black-board of his class-room just before the hour of lecture. A wag among the students, seeing this notice, wrote in large letters underneath it: 'God Save the Queen!'"

Our next quotation is inserted because it pictures so vividly the professor of the old days. It refers to a famous exponent of mathematics in the University of St. Andrews:

"A certain student named Lumsden was one day conspicuous for his inattention. The professor at last stopped his lecture, and addressed the delinquent thus: 'Mr. Lumsden, will you come forrit here, and sit down on that bench there in front o' me. I have three reasons for moving you. In the first place, you'll be nearer my een; in the second place, you'll be nearer my foot; and in the third place, you'll be nearer the door.'

## MILES AND MILESTONES.

NOW that the whirligig of time has brought the road into vogue again, complaint is constantly being made concerning the deficiency of milestones, and the defaced condition of many extant. It appears that the neglect of our highways during the period following the establishment of the railway system and prior to the genesis of cycling and motoring has been responsible for this condition of affairs. In many places the old landmarks have been removed, defaced, or obliterated, either wantonly or on purpose; in others, they have been permitted to sink into the earth by their own weight; and in others, again, the insidious theft of land bordering the roads has led to their being hidden behind the hedges set up by encroaching landowners. The history of milestones has yet to be written, for, curiously enough, only one of the many excellent books which have recently appeared, detailing that of the principal coaching routes, touches upon the subject. There is a very prevalent misconception that milestones have existed in this country ever since the time of the Roman occupation. True, it early became a custom in the Roman Republic and in the Roman colonies to erect milestones, and to note on them the founder of the road, and, especially at the extremities of it and near large towns, the distances; but the first milestones after the Roman ones were not set up till the beginning of the eighteenth century, after the passing of the first Turnpike Act in 1698, when, as part of the statutory obligations, Turnpike Trusts were bound not only to maintain the roads on which they collected tolls, but to measure them as well, and to set up a stone at every mile. The chief reason of this long gap in their history was that until the Act 35 Elizabeth (1593), which prohibited building within three miles from London, and fixed the mile at eight furlongs, the mile in England was not a uniform measure of distance. The roads of England and Wales were first surveyed and measured by John Ogilby, who published his "Britannia," with 100 maps, in 1675. Before that time distances were computed, and the difference between computed and measured miles was remarkable, the former being invariably much less than the latter. To add to the confusion, the proportions of both computed and measured miles differed considerably, according to the county. In Kent and Berks the miles were notorious for their length.

"Essex stiles, Kentish miles, and Norfolk wiles  
Many a man beguiles"

is an old distich, which bears testimony to the wearisome length of these in the former county. Though Ogilby's maps give his miles as measured, they show no milestones, nor are milestones once mentioned in the printed description of the roads. Then, in Camden's "Britannia," published in 1695, each map has in it three scales of miles, viz., Great or Geographical miles, which were 2,280yds. in length, and formed the more or less standard mile before the Act of 1593, Middle or Statute miles, and Small miles—the Roman *mille passuum*. It may be added that in Ireland, where the perch of 7yds. had prevailed, the furlong was 280yds., instead of 220yds. as in

But, as might be expected from a man of Sir Archibald Geikie's attainments, the book is by no means made up of jokes and anecdotes. It contains the fruit of much careful and long-continued observation. On a minor point we give the following as having come direct from under the author's eye:

"In my boyhood a custom still prevailed which I think must now be obsolete, that of placing a 'spelding,' or dried salt haddock, beside the glass of ale ordered by a caller at a public-house or roadside inn. Bitter beer had not yet come into vogue in Scotland. Instead of it all the liquors supplied were of native brewing from the light 'tippeny,' which was a refreshing and innocent drink, up to the strongest Edinburgh ale—a liquor which required to be quaffed with great moderation. When a few drops of it ran down the glass they glued it so firmly to the table that some force was needed to pull it off. The salt fish was, of course, served that it might provoke thirst enough to require more liquid."

The author's memory goes back to a time when you could see outside a drinking shop in Glasgow this legend: "Drunk for three bawbees and mortal for threepence." Extremely interesting, too, is it to come across so many familiar names in these reminiscences—Blackie, Christison, MacLagan, Playfair, Chalmers, Tait, the late Duke of Argyll, and many others who but yesterday seemed to have filled the mouths of men. A new generation has sprung up, and with it a new and not altogether improved Scotland. Caledonia, instead of being a nation of peasants brought up by grim heath and shaggy wood, is now a congeries of great towns, the inhabitants of which differ in no wise from those of the great provincial towns of England. They eat and drink the same food, are taught in the same kind of schools, see the same plays, and indulge in the same amusements. Physically they are degenerate, and perhaps it were not rash to say that mentally they are so likewise.



E. M. Barrow.

WIND-SWEPT.

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of Dover and Canterbury had measured the highway between those two places, and had set up posts at every mile end. However, the first remaining milestones after the Roman ones are sixteen between Cambridge and the village of Barkway, Herts, on the great Fenland Highway. These stones, which are very notable from the open and exposed character of the road, possess an interesting history. Dr. William Mouse, Master of Trinity Hall, and Mr. Robert Hare left between them in 1586 and 1599 the sum of £1,600 "causey-money" in trust to Trinity Hall, the interest to be applied



to the maintenance and repair of the road along these sixteen miles. In accordance with the terms of the Turnpike Act of 1698, in 1725 Dr. William Warren, the then master, set up on October 20th the first five stones, starting from the church of Great St. Mary in Cambridge market square. The initial stone is 8ft. in height, cost £5 8s., and has the arms of Dr. Mouse impaling those of Trinity Hall. On June 25th in the following year, another five stones were placed in continuation; and in the next year another five, but the sixteenth was not set up till May 27th, 1728. The fifth, tenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth stones are about 6ft. in height, with the arms of Trinity Hall—"sable a crescent in fess ermine, with a bordure engrailed of the second"—carved on them. The others were originally small, with merely the number of miles engraved on them, but were replaced between 1728 and 1732 by larger stones, each bearing the black crescent, and "hands with fingers like sausages" pointing either way down the straight and, as a rule, deserted highway. During the eighteenth century all of the direct English and Welsh roads to the metropolis were equipped with milestones, and an Act 13 George III. imposed a penalty upon persons injuring them. They were introduced into Scotland by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll, about the year 1750, when Marshal Wade was constructing his splendid military roads throughout the country. The Duke was entrusted by Walpole with the chief management of Scotch affairs, and his influence became so great that he was nicknamed "King of Scotland." In this position he did much to increase its trade and manufactures, and improve the internal communication. Everybody is familiar with the time-honoured jest that Scotsmen at first mistook the stones for scratching ones, and while they made use of them for that purpose were wont to murmur, "God bless the good Duke of Argyll." At the beginning of the last century iron "milestones" came into fashion. On

the old London to Brighton turnpike, which runs through Lewes and Uckfield, there yet remains a series of prettily-adorned iron milestones, on which is cast a device of wild lily bells. The meaning of the floral device is unknown, but it is said to occur also in the graveyards near about. By the way, mention of iron milestones reminds us that there is a "catch": Which is the first *milestone* to London? It is that in the Harrow Road, where it is built into the wall and not very noticeable, for the first milestones on all other exits from the metropolis are either of iron or wood, or else they expressly mention the Royal Exchange, Hyde Park Corner, etc., but not "one mile to London."

The decay of our milestones may be attributed to that of our roads generally, arising from the birth of railways. The General Highways Act of 1835 reduced the duty of setting up milestones from an obligatory to a permissive one, and it is open to doubt if the surveyor could even maintain existing milestones under this Act. The omission was to a certain extent rectified by the Highway Act of 1882, which specifically gives highway authorities power to maintain, replace, or set up milestones, making the cost a lawful charge upon the highway rate, but the authorities can use their discretion whether they maintain the old landmarks or not. It is satisfactory to note that the attention of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society has been drawn to the disappearance and mutilation of old milestones, and that they intend urging upon the proper local authorities the importance of preserving, from an historical point of view, these old landmarks, wherever they exist, and are threatened with removal or unnecessary alteration. It is significant to note that the present agitation for the preservation of old, and for the restoration of missing, milestones proceeds mainly from the motor-car world, and it is easy to see why this should be.

## THE MUSIC OF THE WOODS.



W. Rawlings.

AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS.

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**A**FTER dark days of gloom and ceaseless rain, we wake to find ourselves in full possession of spring; once again the earth has flung off the languor of her long sleep, and dressed herself in palest green, bound her brown hair with flowers, and gone forth to meet the summer. In the old garden, the purple and white lilacs will soon be in blossom, and will send forth their incense across the velvet turf, and in their perfumed shade the nightingales will nest; the laburnum will fling her showers of golden rain against the

shining laurel hedge, and the great white-heart cherry open her pearly buds to the wooing of the bees, and the apple trees in the orchard will hold out their grey arms laden with lovely flowers, and tender green leaves, to the blue heavens.

In the borders tufts of auriculas are lifting their sweet, powdered faces, and polyanthus and double primroses, purple, crimson, white, and sulphur, gem the russet earth. Red and yellow wallflowers look down on humble daisies; and great clumps of St. Brigid anemones, many hued, and lowly purple





A Dumas.

A FOREST POOL.

Copyright

aubrietia make a line of glowing colour along the wide turf edge that separates the herbaceous border from the gravel path.

But this first and loveliest spring day must be spent in the woods, for there we can more truly enjoy the perfect peace of a great silence broken only by the music of the birds. A soft haze lies over the valley, and presently, as the sun mounts higher, lifts like a veil of grey chiffon from the face of the blue, cloud-flecked sky; then a light breeze touches the unfolding leaves of the sycamore and the chestnut, and shakes them gently into life.

Across the low-lying ground, the little runlets are still trickling through belts of marsh-marigolds to the teeming river, and the restless plover is whirling through the temperate air, crying peevishly to his mate, nestling hopefully below in some approved tussock of coarse grass. The meadows are very green, for they have had no cruel frosts to scorch the young herbage; and against the horizon you can see how full are the buds on the oaks, and that the branches are assuming their delicate first tints of pink and green, deepening in the larger masses almost into a purple hue. The willows are still flowering in the woody hollows, and we break off twigs with the curiously scented grey and yellow

catkins to add to our posies of April flowers. Close to the edge of a wood and up a gentle slope is a meadow long famed for its daffodils. Generations of children from the pretty Berkshire village hard by have come every Eastertide to pluck the flowers, and their children's children will run up those same slopes in future April days, and with greedy hands clutch the golden spoil, until perhaps a sterner owner succeeds the present kindly possessor of the Grange farm, and sells the flowers for London silver. For, alas! love of gain is very surely robbing us of these lovely spots where once childhood played untrammelled and unchecked.

On these pleasant wood-girt slopes the daffodils grow in legions, fluttering their petticoats of pale gold to every breath of the sun-warmed winds of March. If you bend over them you will hear their perfumed sighing. Is there any odour so subtle, so fraught with childhood's happiest memories, as the wild daffodil's? You can feel that the keenness of the departing winter has perfected them, that the snow has been their coverlet, and that purity has been their nurse. The bank on which they parade in rank and file of gold and green, has other gifts in store against the departure. When the sun, now tempered by northern wanderings shall



W. T. Green.

A HAMPSHIRE COPSE IN EARLY SPRING.

Copyright

mount into the higher heavens, the daffodils will droop and pass away, and we shall have to wait another long year for their sweet return. But God's great flower mart is never empty; in the short grass are tufts of cowslip leaves, and within each green whorl is a little budding powdered spray, whose perfected golden keys will shortly unlock the gates of the great philharmonic hall where Nature holds her concerts, morning and evening, throughout the operatic season of spring and early summer.

The blackbird is the first to sing a real spring madrigal—although the thrush has given us his desultory music through many a mild winter day. The blackbird takes his cue from the first bud on the sweet briar, or the honeysuckle wreath that opens its young leaves in some sheltered nook. The nightingale, too wise to face the uncertain moods of fickle April, tarries yet in warmer airs until the flowering of his beloved thorn, and until the swallow, returning to his last year's home under the creeper-clad eaves of the cottage, darts across the dappled sky. When that happens, and the cowslip gilds the vale, the great choir is complete, and every copse is alive with bird voices. It is strange that the unmeasured, uncadenced music of a thousand singers should result in such perfect harmony; never a discord or an unconsidered note falls on the delighted ear.



A. Dumas.

## SUNSET IN THE FOREST.

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The sweet, shrill intermediate whistle of the blackbird, the finished song of the thrush, blend with the trill of linnets and the short mellifluous warble of the finches. From the tall firs on the distant common comes the voice of cooing doves, of all love-lays the sweetest, because of its simple persistence; and to this the ascending song of the wooing lark lends impassioned force, and completes the exquisite harmony of the choirs, visible and invisible. It is the only perfect combination of sounds melodious, for it is the expression of beauty evolved

from the heart of Nature in her loveliest garb and her holiest mood. Love is the tuner of the bird voices, and gives to their themes the touch of mystery, and, perhaps, too, of the sorrow which is so often allied to supreme joy. When the meadows near the courts of the woodland singers are yellow with cowslips, the malodorous purple orchis shows its pretty spotted spikes in little groups among the sweeter flowers. Sheltered by the dead leaves of the past year, and dry ditches, clumps of primroses have been flowering timidly for many weeks, now they are in full beauty, and the hazel copses will soon be blue with wild hyacinths, and where the woodcutters have been clearing out the undergrowth they grow tall and strong, o'ertopping the vivid green and pink-tipped



A. &amp; F. Read.

## FLOWERY SPRING.

Copyright





A. Horsley Hinton.

## UNTRODDEN WAYS.

Copyright

wood-spurge, the fragile uncurling bracken, and drooping Solomon's seal.

And now, tired with gathering daffodils, we rest on a heap of russet leaves and tie up our flowers in bunches, for in a few hours the postman will take them with a message of spring to give our unhappy town-imprisoned friends a fleeting joy; and as we bind the stems of primroses and daffodils together with a swathe of grass, we praise God silently, and from the depths of our grateful hearts, that He has led our steps this springtide fifty long miles from the crowded streets, and the weary work-a-day world of the great tired city, to such paths as these, over blossoming meadows to woodlands effulgent with sweet sights, and echoing to the sound of singing birds.

AUGUSTA DE LACY LACY.

## WIND-FLOWERS.

THE elms are ruddy with blossom, and as the shafts of March sunlight fall or pass over the massed branches, the colour changes from pale pink to purple. Down by the river-side the willows at times look almost yellow. The gleam passes, the yellow fades, and the crowded catkins of the alders that fringe the bank assume a rich carmine tint. The rolling clouds are with us once more. Once more the cloud-shadows play upon the grey-green meadows, and slip lightly along the dark blue hillside, those shadows that we have so sadly missed throughout the weary weeks of winter. What a delight after the monotonous, shadowless days to watch these moving masses of vapour, now dazzling in sunshine, now murky with hidden hail and snow. And not only the March clouds, but the blue of the March sky is welcome indeed. At intervals from a wide breadth of azure the sunlight pours a golden flood upon pasture and plough. A hedge-sparrow sings on the bare hawthorn; a slender thread of song, yet bright and cheerful, born of the essence and gladness of the spring. Larks are singing all around; singing ceaselessly, through all the hours of lingering daylight. Everywhere life is stirring; the sap is rising, the buds are swelling and lengthening. The heavy hail-clouds may darken the sky; the fierce winds drive the snow and sleet through the naked woods. Still the miracle and mystery of the springtide are upon us, mighty and life-giving as of yore, quickening our pulses as they quickened the pulses and stirred the spirit of the Hebrew singer of old, and bidding a glad, green world awake and rejoice.

As yet the hedgerows are dark and the meadows bare, save in one spot under the oak, where the golden celandine peeps from out its shining heart-shaped leaves. Upon the hedge-bank the arum has pushed up its glossy sheath, and all around it are seed-leaf tokens of the numberless wild

flowers. Violets, primroses, bluebells, cowslips, the red stalk and indented leaves of the crane's-bill, buttercups and ground ivies; you may trace the fair promise of all and each. The same old flowers; ever recurring, yet ever welcome. Already one or two primroses have opened to the sun, although the scanty stalks scarce permit the pallid blooms to be seen. Hard by are the tiny white blossoms of the cinquefoil, that might almost be mistaken for a wild strawberry. There is a faint suggestion of colour on the margin of the brook where the mosses are greenest. It is the unopened buds of the cuckoo-flowers that cluster round their upright stalks. Among those grass shoots the germander speedwell will by-and-by hide its bonny blue petals, and the starry stitchwort will float like drifted snow. By such time the tiny willow-wren, from over land and sea for thousands of miles, will be singing on the hedge-maple above.

Fallen leaf of last year hides the earth in the woods. All the autumn colours have faded from it; the fiery beech leaves are bleached and sere, and the russet leaves of the oak have turned to a pale cinnamon. They fill the hollows, and cover the mounds; they are strewn among the silvery ash stoles, and lie thickly beneath the arched sprays of the bramble. A few fresh grass-blades have forced their way among them; and in more than one spot they form a fit setting to the first wood anemones, scattered like dainty sea-shells upon a beach of dead leaves.

The little wind-flower—that shy, sweet maiden of the early spring—is a feature of our southern woods more truly characteristic of March than even the daffodil. They come so imperceptibly, brightening and beautifying all of a sudden the dark, wintry coppice, fitting fragments of colour into the dry and withered stalks of the undergrowth, and sending a swift flush through the cold black stems of the hornbeams. Pale fragile blossoms, fluttering on their tall yet slender stalks, looking so frail, as if they could scarce withstand a touch, yet endued with a strength as of the woodlands; bending with every breath, yet able to outride the fiercest gales of the equinox. And what line of beauty could surpass the graceful curves of those exquisite flower stems; stems that seem to spring from a crimson-veined triplet of finely-cut leaves, delicate as seaweed, giving the appearance of so many separate plants, each carrying its one solitary blossom.

The wind-flower flourishes in exposed as well as in sheltered portions of the wood, where the strong dry March winds sweep the bank, as in the lonely woodland hollows; for the pink and white bells all droop earthwards, completely sheltering the golden stamens. While so sensitive are the tender petals that they curl and close like the curtains of a tent at the approach of rain or night. Although by no means confined to the woodland, the wind-flowers belong to it by right, where they are not only far more numerous and more beautiful, but put forth their bloom earlier in the year. We shall search in vain for them now in the corner of the meadow, where in mid-April we may find them in company with the cowslip and the wild hyacinth. And yet they are not the same. The anemones of the meadow somehow lack the charm and colour that belong to their lowly woodland sisters.

H. J. FOLEY.



## THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

**T**HERE is, perhaps, no country in the world that appeals to one as the land of the "Rising Sun"—Dai Nippon, as it is called in the Japanese language. It is possible to go anywhere in that country, to see everything, to study the people, their customs, habits, and modes of living; it is possible even to go there with a prejudiced mind, one resolved to find fault, and that resolution will be upset; the prejudice (if such exists) will be altered. Such is Japan—a land not only of flowers, scenery, and gardens, which in their beauty surpass the imagination of man, but a land also of people with whom few can cope, no matter in what.

In the interior of Japan, away from the treaty ports, where jinrickshas are almost unknown, a glimpse of old Japan can still be seen. If a father is a farmer, his children are taught to follow in his footsteps, so that when they have reached a certain age they can afford him some assistance. Whilst the boys are employed in manual labour, the girls are taught by their mother to take care of their younger brothers and sisters, to mind the house, or assist in watering or manuring the fields. Her dress is always

tidy, no matter what she may be doing, her hair neatly rolled and saturated in oil. She makes a study of her kimono, the colour of which must be in harmony with the surroundings.

If you were, as a stranger, to arrive at a distant village in some remote corner of the country, you would be met at the tea-house by a little girl, who bows, her hands on her knees, and wishes you her *O Hayo*—good day. There is no stiffness about her movements, nor shyness; she welcomes you and tends your wants. As soon as you arrive she will fetch you a clean linen kimono and await your orders. Your boots are removed and hung on a peg. Your bath is prepared, tea is placed in front of you, and their sole endeavour for the moment is your comfort.

Every month in the year has its particular blossom. The plum blossoms come out at the end of January and last into March, even before many trees show signs of shooting, and give one such wonderful impressions of the beauties of the hillsides, their snow-white petals shining in the light of a wintry sun.

Next come the cherry blossoms. Sometimes long avenues of them are seen in Tokyo and other large towns, with no other tree



*E. W. S. Mahon. A JAPANESE FARM GIRL.*

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*G. H. Rittner.*

*AFTERNOON TEA IN JAPAN.*

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G. H. Rittner.

A JAPANESE STREET.

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near. The cherry blossom season heralds in the time for holiday-making, and the whole nation turns out to admire the colour. On certain holidays in the year every man turns out, with his whole family, to see the sight. If in Tokyo, he goes to some open space to admire, and almost to worship, what he sees. In the country he goes to the bank of a stream and sees the hills covered with cherry blossoms, whilst later in the year their place is taken by trees of azaleas, all colours, ranging from white to mauve and mauve to red, and here and there the red of the young maple leaf shows up, which in the autumn turns to bright copper. Here, in view of all this splendour of colour, the young children are told legends of their forefathers, many hundreds of years ago. The same thing takes place every year, the same story is told from father to son, and yet each year the children listen with open mouth and bated breath to the same deeds of heroism; and so the legends never die.

May brings in the purple wistaria, and every tea house and garden has its arbour hung with masses of these flowers. In June the fields will be covered with irises, acres upon acres of flowers, every colour of the spectrum almost, thousands and tens of thousands of flowers forming a carpet over the fields. Next comes the pæony; and so each month has its own particular flower, until the autumn comes and changes the leaves of the trees from green to brown, and brown to yellow. Towards the end of October the chrysanthemum comes into season, the flower for which, above all others, Japan has made a name. These flowers last well into November, the finest flower in Japan, and the last of the year. It announces the winter; with it the leaves begin to fall, the trees become bare, rain and snow follow in the wake of sunshine and flowers, disease and unhappiness take the place of health and pleasure. Everything that was beautiful seems lost in oblivion whilst the short days and cold nights of winter run their accustomed course. The

recollection is all that remains, but the remembrance of the beauties of spring, summer, and autumn, those months of happiness and contentment, of toil and labour, which the people have passed through, helps them to survive the winter months, and rest contented to await the advent of spring and the joyous return of warmth.

The houses in the villages are badly adapted to the severities of a winter almost as trying, though shorter than our own. The walls are thin; oiled paper takes the place of panes of glass; a small pot, called the "hibachi," filled with red-hot charcoal serves them instead of a fireplace, and around this they squat in a circle, sipping their tea or hot saké, imagining that they are happy, and never permitting their minds to dwell on the horrors of cold. Go into a house of any size in Japan, go in the evening after the inhabitants have returned home from the labours of the day. No matter how poor the people are or how old and infirm, the picture is nearly always the same. You enter a room (possibly the only one in the house or made into two by means of a partition) covered with mats over two inches thick, all scrupulously clean. In the centre of the room stands the "hibachi,"

and stuck into the burning embers are several metal chopsticks, with which they poke the fire, or use them for lifting out the

charcoal to light their diminutive pipes. Around this fire the whole family sit, the men smoking, the women following their example or embroidering. There is no furniture to fill the room with its ugly bulkiness, no cane-bottomed or bottomless chairs to trip over. There is nothing but these few people sitting on their heels around the fire, and one—only one—kakemono, hung on the wall, and possibly a vase of some blossom that may happen to be in flower. The charm of a Japanese dwelling lies in that emptiness. Through everything is artistic. Every man is born an



G. H. Rittner.

BASKET-MAKING.

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out the length and breadth of Japan the people as well as the country.

Every man is born an



G. H. Rittner.

INTERIOR OF A HOUSE.

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artist, and his artistic temperament revolts against colours which do not harmonise. Everything must be in keeping—even their dress must not clash with the surrounding scenery—and as long as that feeling continues to exist in this "Land of Flowers," so long will it be a paradise to the traveller and a joy to the inhabitant. G. H. RITTNER.

## IN THE GARDEN.

MORE ABOUT CARNATIONS.—THE MALMAISON CARNATION.

THIS section may be classed with the tree or winter-flowering, only that their flowering season is later—spring and early summer. Some of our leading cultivators have succeeded in blooming the white and blush varieties in winter, beginning to cut blooms in October, and continuing to do so until the end of July. The treatment of the Malmaison Carnation as to propagation and general culture is much the same as for the varieties forming the winter-flowering group; but growers vary somewhat in their details. The Malmaison Carnations also partake rather more of the character of green-



E. W. S. Mahon

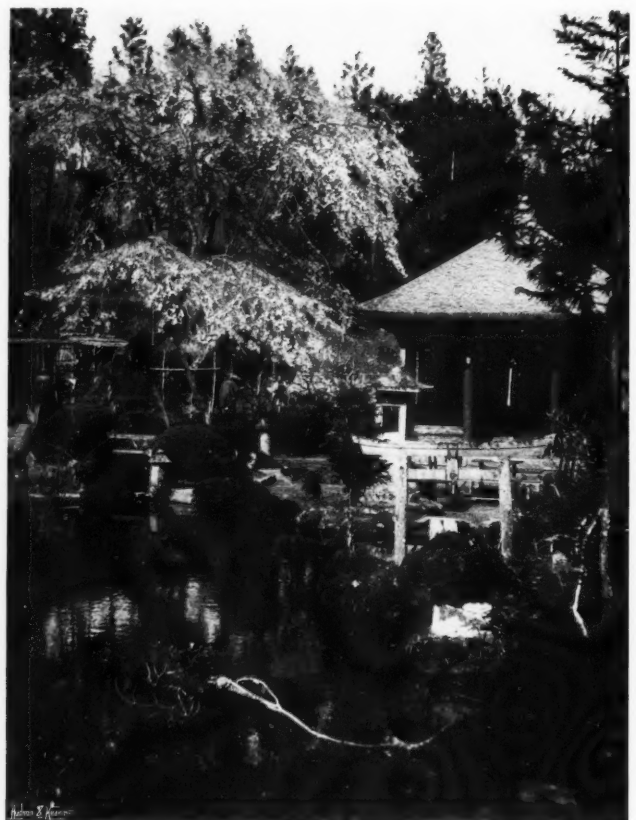
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### STONE BRIDGE IN THE HILL ABOVE LAKE BUVA.

house plants than do the winter-flowering types, and, to do them full justice, nothing else should be grown in the houses with them. In some gardens, where this fine Carnation is made a speciality, specimens from three to five years old can be seen, and they are very imposing indeed. Mr. Douglas recommends that the Malmaison Carnations be layered as early as possible, so that there may be plants ready by September for potting into larger pots than those in which they were placed when potted as rooted layers. The plants should have a position as near the glass roof of a greenhouse as possible; and to prevent the appearance of spot on the leaves, as dry an atmosphere as possible is desirable during winter, with plenty of ventilation from both sides of the house, and also from the roof. The minimum temperature of the house should be from 55deg. to 65deg. by day.

#### SEEDLING CARNATIONS.

Seeds of Carnations can be sown in March or April. New plump seeds soon germinate both in a warm house or in a cold frame. When the second or third pair of leaves are formed the seedlings may be pricked off into boxes or pans of a sandy compost, moderately rich, placing the plants about 3in. apart. The seedlings should be placed in a cold house or frame for a few days until they show signs of growth; after that they may be stood out in the open, and raised above the ground level, so as to prevent worms from getting into the boxes. A bed of rich, deep soil should be prepared, raised a little above the ground level; the seedlings may be planted out in July, about 15in. apart each way, and a good display of blooms may be had the following season. From seed



G. H. Rittner.

### DAINICHI-DO.

Copyright

of the best strains a certain percentage of single flowers may be looked for. The best quality of seed is produced from flowers of fine character, carefully fertilised under glass. No raiser of seedlings can look for improvements in his flowers except from seed so obtained. Seeds of winter-flowering varieties sown in warmth in January will produce plants which may be planted out as early as possible; and in October, such of them as show signs of blooming, as many of them will, may be lifted, potted, and placed in a greenhouse where they will flower during the winter.

#### THE ENEMIES OF THE CARNATION.

Worms should not be permitted to draw sustenance from the soil about the plants.

Rabbits and hares feed upon the foliage and injure the plants. They should be protected from them in some way.



G. H. Rittner.

Copyright.

### ARRANGING FLOWERS IN CLASSICAL LINES.

*Sparrows*, and indeed other birds, will occasionally ravage the foliage and weaken the plants.

*Spot*.—This is a source of trouble to many cultivators of the Carnation. It is a form of fungus growth, which attacks the foliage of the plants, appearing as a dark spot on the leaves; this spot is caused by the bursting of a small boil or blister, and from it springs a myriad of small chocolate-coloured dust-like spores, which spread themselves on, and sometimes cover, the whole surface of the leaf. It is recommended that the affected parts be cut away, as soon as they are discovered, and burned. Diluted carbolic acid, mixed according to directions, is mentioned as an excellent remedy when the leaves are sponged with it, or with a weak solution of Gishurst compound. All diligence should be employed in extirpating the spot.

*Gout*.—This makes itself known in a swelling of the stem, and then rot ensues; the cause is a rank, sappy growth, or it may be also caused by changes of temperature. It is well, when it is seen a plant is affected by gout, to pot it in pure loam with some coarse silver sand, but without the addition of manure.

*Grub or Maggot*.—This is in the form of a small white grub. The fly deposits its eggs sometimes on the leaves, causing the appearance of a white-brown patch like a blister. In such cases the affected parts have merely to be cut off and destroyed; but it also lays its eggs in the stem. The grub is developed, it works its way into the heart of the plant before it is discovered, and, burrowing its way towards the roots, destroys it for flowering purposes. As soon as the young leaves at the point of the shoot become sickly-looking, the grub should be hunted for and extracted. The maggot can be seen in all seasons, but chiefly in autumn and winter, and particularly in cold moist seasons.

*Green-fly* is most troublesome when the plants have been kept a little too close, but when in cold frames, and with plenty of air given during the winter, they are but little affected by this pest. A weak solution of soft soap applied to the shoots, or a dusting with tobacco powder, or with any one of the many insecticides provided in the present day, are useful remedies, but the plants should be syringed a few hours after. A camel-hair brush can also be employed as an instrument of banishment.

*The Spittle-fly*, so much found on Rose bushes, should be watched for, and removed as soon as possible.

*Wireworm* is a sad pest of the Carnation; the soil for potting should be carefully examined for this enemy. Carnations should not be planted in newly-broken-up pasture-land unless 3in. of the surface has been burnt previously.

#### RANDOM NOTES.

##### *Mowing and Weeding Lawns.*

—Early April is the time to begin mowing lawns, and where there is a good sward it will be necessary to do so once a week; but if the grass is thin and weak, then an interval of a fortnight should elapse. Never if it can be avoided mow when the grass is wet; the machine quickly gets clogged and strained. When the lawn is very large, it will be necessary to use horse or pony machines, with leather boots on the animals' feet to prevent the hoofs cutting into the turf. Daisies and other weeds are a constant source of vexation. In spite of the many nostrums to get rid of them, nothing excels the old way of spudding them out, root and all, with an old knife. Before doing so, stretch two garden lines across the lawn 3ft. apart, then work between them; fill up the holes that the daisies are taken from with fine soil. The bare places will then soon be covered with grass. If daisies are plentiful, dig them up early in April, and after the holes have been filled up dress slightly with artificial manure and fine soil. A stretch of well-kept grass is beautiful and restful.

*Rose Pruning*.—More mistakes in Rose-growing are made in pruning than in anything else, and we can quite understand this, as the varieties are so numerous and demand different treatment. Climbing Roses, for example, must never be pruned in the usual acceptance of the word. All that is

necessary now is to thin out overcrowded shoots, and leave all strong and new growths absolutely untouched, not even tipping them. The best time to remove growths from this class of Rose is when the first display of flowers is over; the old growths should be removed entirely to make room for the new that will bear the blossom of the following year. When climbing Roses on walls have got bare at the base, cut back the oldest growths to the ground to promote new shoots. In the case of bush Roses, that is, the plants which make a bushy growth, cut back the first year to within 6in. of the ground, leaving the eye pointing outwards; the object of this is clear, namely, to prevent the development of centre shoots, which keep light and air from the plant. The general rule is to prune less severely the strong growers than the more weakly ones, and for the former the 6in. limit is the best and 4in. in the case of the latter. When it is desired that the Japanese Roses



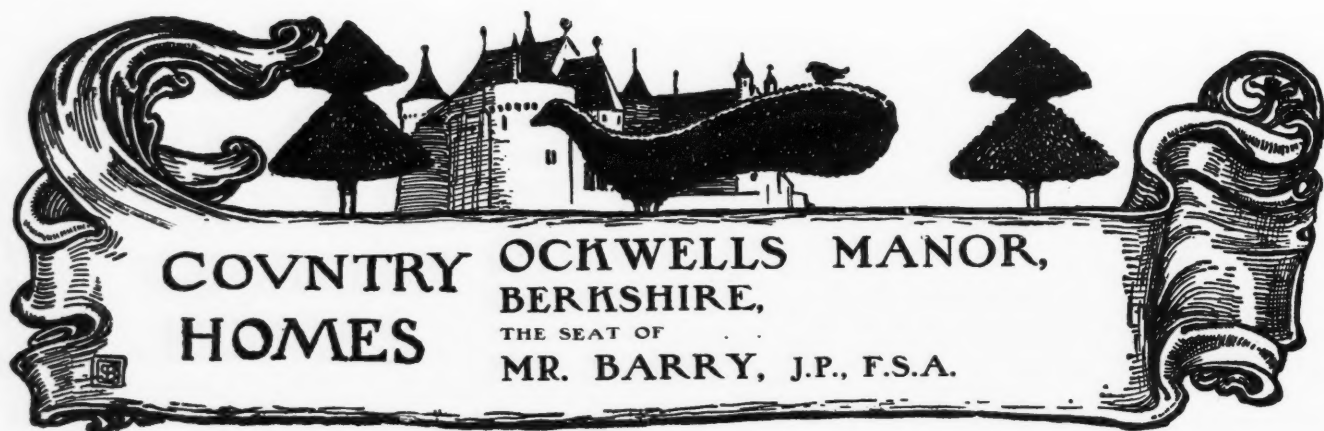
G. H. Rittner.

A JAPANESE LANDSCAPE.

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should make very sturdy bushy growth, cut back hard in the spring, otherwise merely remove the ends of the shoots, and such Roses as the Scotch, Austrian Briers, and Monthly or China need very little pruning. The shoots may be tipped and overcrowded ones removed. These Roses suffer most from an overabundance of growths, and, of course, the Penzance Briers, which are now planted in thousands for their delicately-coloured flowers and sweet-smelling leaves, must be treated in the same way as climbers generally. Rose hedges need attention also. They frequently get very bare at the base. When the plants are well established, remove unnecessary growths to the ground level. When the whole hedge is bare it may be needful to cut every shoot down and begin again. A bare base to a hedge may be attributed to a bad start. The mistake is made in not pruning severely the first year, and in failing to promote new and strong growths.





**T**HOUGH possessing no such romantic association as casts the great spell over the venerable walls of Haddon, the ancient manor house of Ockwells, or Ockholt, near Bray, on the Thames, scarcely yields to it in architectural interest or old-world charm. Here is no intrusion of modern things, little trace of the classic taste which appeared even in the days of Henry VII., nothing at all to spoil the charm of a genuine mediæval dwelling-place or of its goodly, beautiful interior. Small wonder, we think, in this lovely part of England, that the half-legendary Vicar of Bray should have held through storm and shine to his post, and have declared

"That whatsoever king shall reign

I'll be the Vicar of Bray."

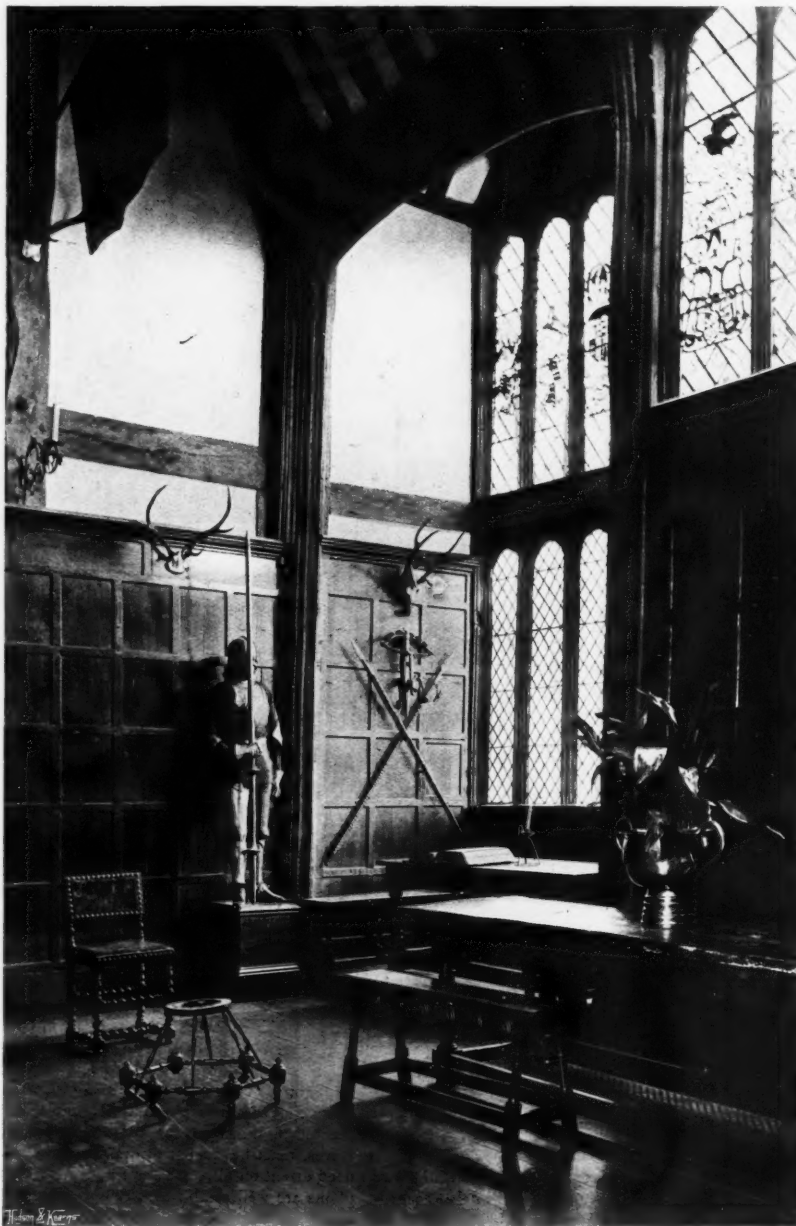
It is but a walk of some two miles through the water-meadows from the gateway of the Jesus Hospital to the old house of Ockwells, and, as we see its ancient timber front, enriched beyond almost any of its compeers, rising above the hedgerows, we bethink us that it is something of a phenomenon that this quaint dwelling of wood should have kinship with another famous timber mansion standing far away—with the venerable hall of Speke by the Mersey.

It was a member of the old house of Norreys, or Norris, of Speke, one Richard de Norreys, holding the sinecure office of "cook" to Eleanor of Provence, Queen of Henry III., that received the manor of Ockholt, or Ockwells, in Berkshire, at a fee farm rent of forty shillings, in 1267. Here the King is said to have had a hunting-lodge within easy reach of the Royal Castle of Windsor. What manner of house stood at Ockholt, to use the old name, in 1267, we have no means of knowing, but it is fair to surmise that it was moated for protection, that it was also mostly built of timber, and, perhaps, that it looked not wholly unlike the structure we depict. More than a century after Richard Norreys, the "cook," had re-

ceived the manor in fee, it fell to John Norreys, second son by his second marriage of Sir Henry Norreys of Speke. This John must be regarded as the real founder of the great line of the Berkshire house of Norreys, which gave many notable men to the State. John's half-brother, William, was the great-grandfather of another John Norreys, who established a second family of the name at Fyfield, also in Berkshire. The great-grandson of John whom we have described as the "founder" of his family upon the acres by the Thames, was the builder of Ockwells Manor House. He also bore the favourite name of John, and was a very important man in his time, standing high

in the favour of the Court, and having the ability to steer his ship adroitly amid the shoals and in the strong and troubled currents of the Wars of the Roses. He was First Usher to the Chamber in the reign of Henry VI., Squire of the Body to the King, Master of the Royal Wardrobe, Sheriff of Oxfordshire and Berkshire in 1442 and 1457, and Squire of the Body to Edward IV., being afterwards knighted.

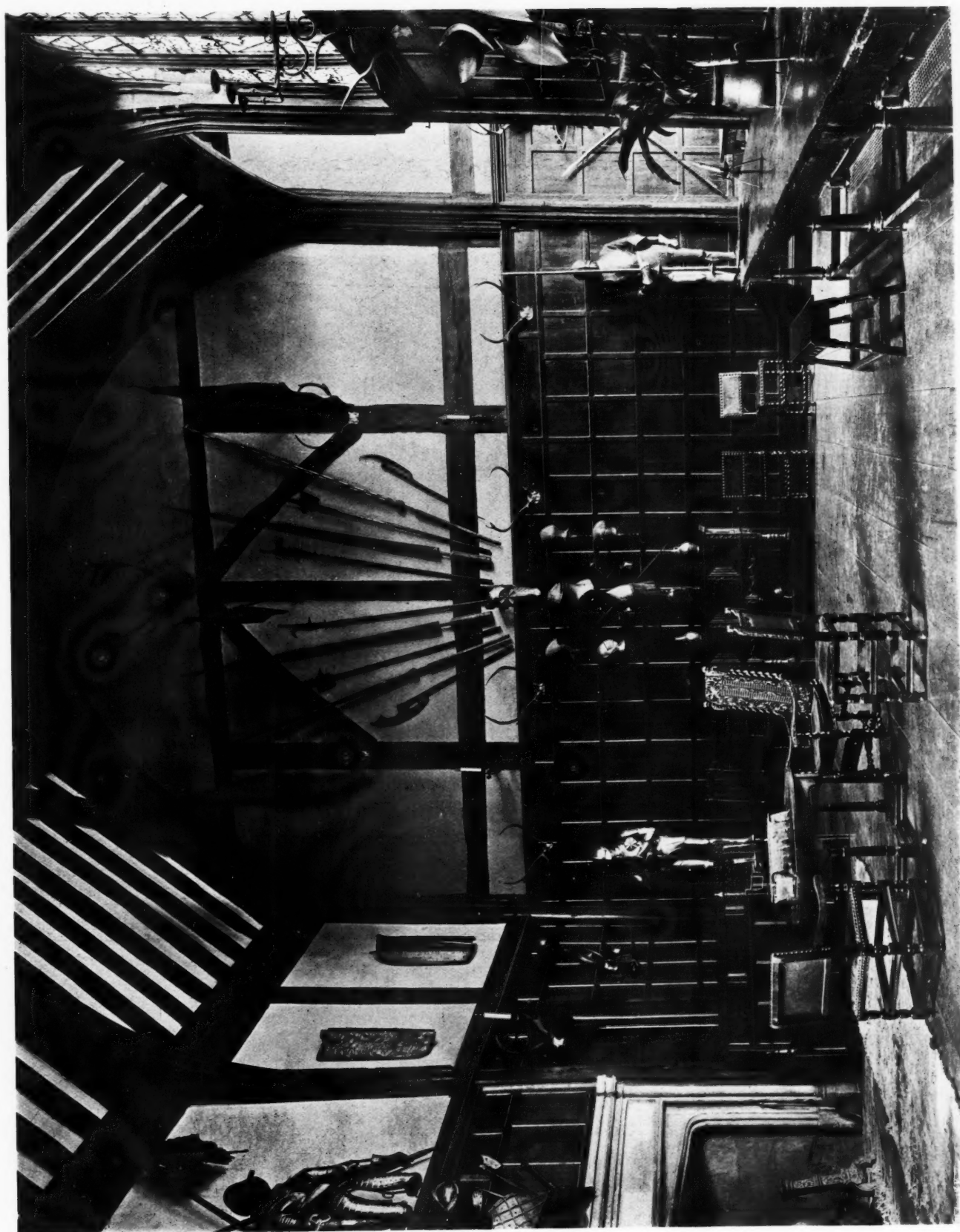
So important a man must needs have an important house, well fitted to receive his guests, and so it came that Ockwells was built. Few people realise what it was to raise in those days so glorious a house. There was something in the operation analogous to the building of a ship—the same need for seasoned oak, the same labour with saw and adze, the same pegging of joint and tenon, and so the structure rose complete and solid. There was superadded the fine craft of the carver, the loving labour of the man who fashioned the cusped window frames, the magnificent barge-boards, and the finials. Then came the glass-stainer, with his splendid blazonry, to flood the rooms with colour, and the tapestry, often from distant looms, and the ladies in their bower working at fair embroideries for the adornment of the abode.



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THE RECESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE OLD HALL.

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Mr. Parker of Oxford, that eminent authority on English mediæval architecture, who described Ockwells about half a century ago, found the place then decayed from its former state, dilapidated and reduced to the condition of a farmhouse—now most happily regenerated—but he recognised its superb archi-

on one side, with a double wooden cloister, one range over the other. We give an illustration of the exterior of the house to show how rich and beautiful is the work, and it will be noticed that the character is purely Perpendicular, with a low-arched doorway leading to the lobby, which, in the ancient manner,



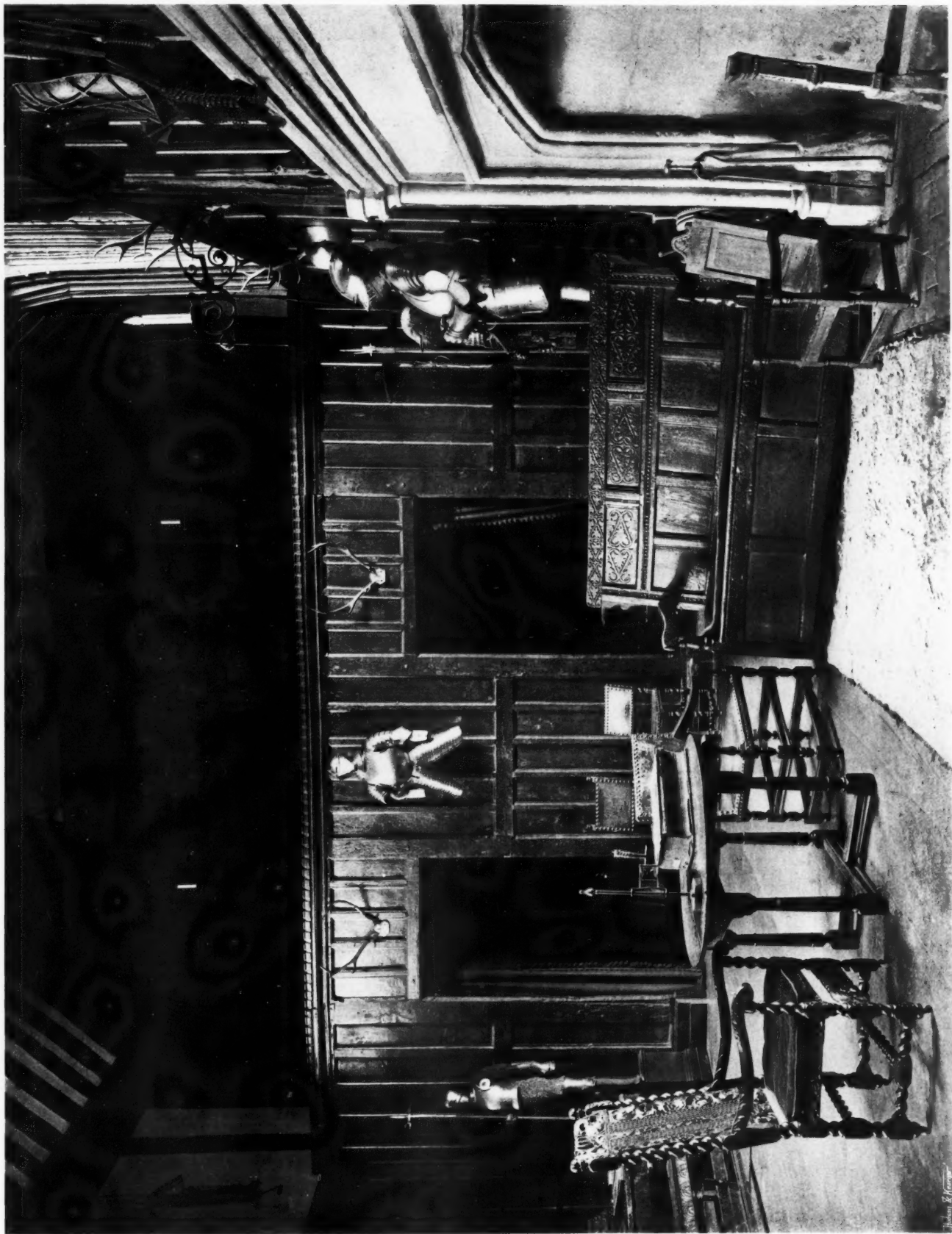
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THE HALL SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tectural character, and illustrated the magnificent detail of the admirable barge-boards, and the remarkable Perpendicular panelling of the timber gables, describing its nearly perfect state as a house of the time of Edward IV., with its grand hall, open roofed, its splendid painted glass, and its antique air, and the quaint buildings surrounding the small courtyard, the hall being

separates the hall on the one hand from the domestic offices on the other. The beautiful oriel windows, with their narrow cusped lights, and the remarkable elaboration of the gables will be noticed, as also the quaint side of the hall, with the gabled bay which lights the upper end, where the high table was upon the dais.

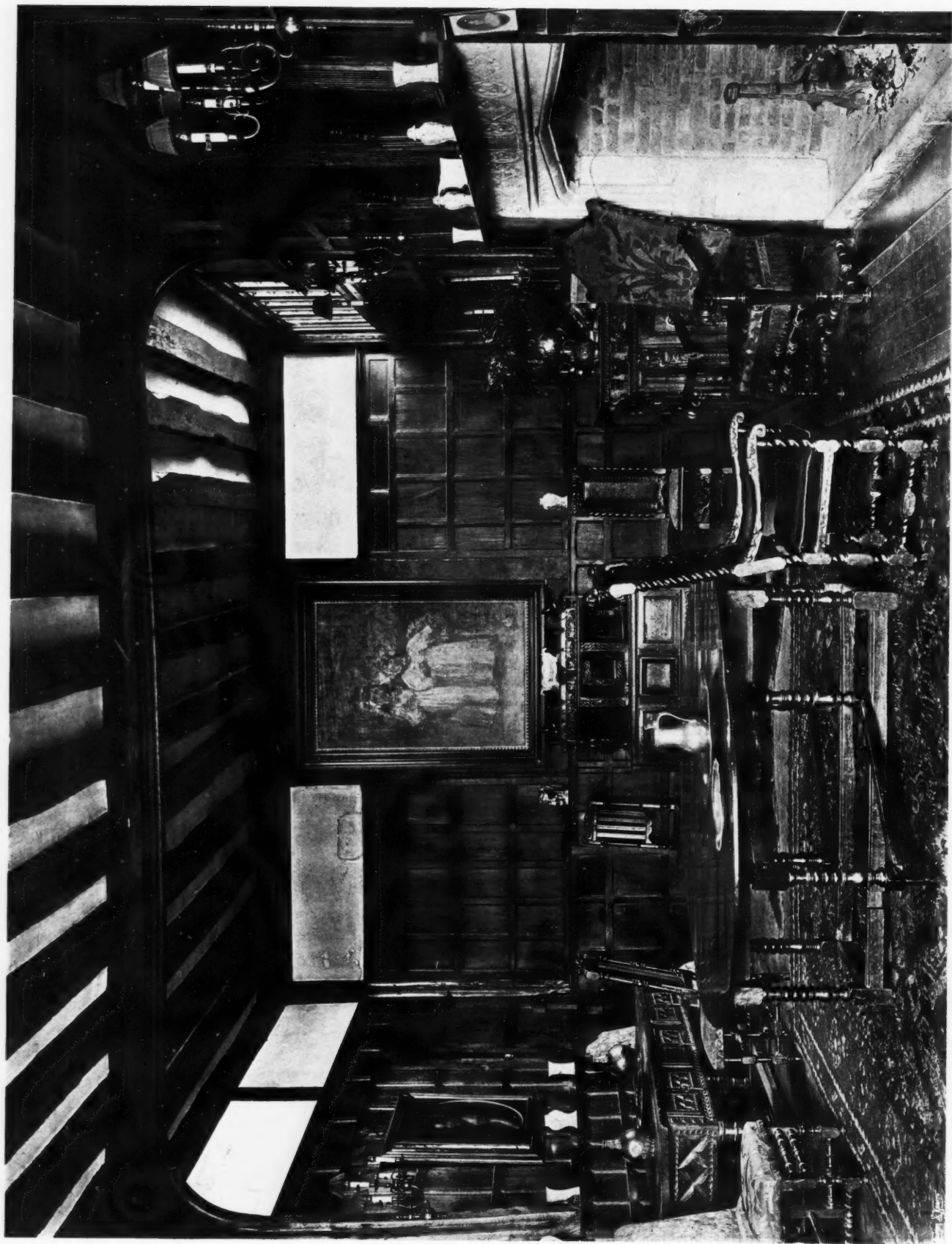


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GALLERY.

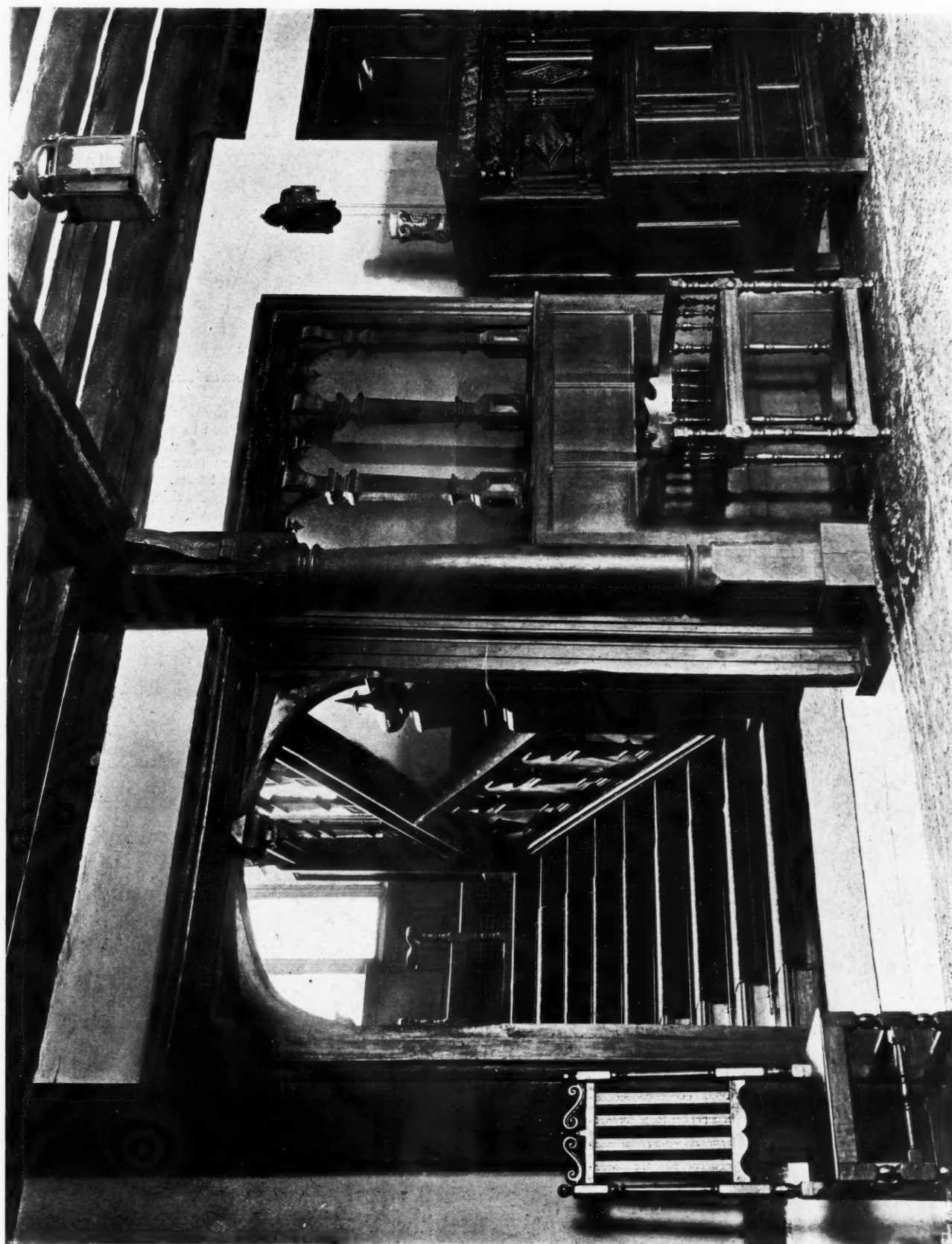
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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE DINING-ROOM.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE STAIRWAY.



Ockwells, as figured in Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time," has a charm of simple antiquity which invests it to-day. Still it has its old quadrangle, with passages around three sides of it, still the splendid hall, the quaint buttery hatch, and all the architectural features which then distinguished it, recovered from some state of decay, and as fair as ever it was in its early prime. It is not the purpose here to recount family history, but a little more shall be said of the Berkshire house of

Norreys. The builder of Ockwells Manor House was twice married, his first wife being Alice Merebrooke, who brought as her dowry or heritage the manor of Yattendon in the same county; and his second wife Millicent, the daughter and heiress of a member of the family of Ravenscroft of Cotton End, Hardingsstone, Northants. The knight died on September 1st, 1467, and was buried in an aisle of the church at Bray, which he

himself had built. He was succeeded at Ockwells by his son John, who was Sheriff of Oxfordshire and Berkshire in 1479, while another son, Sir William Norreys, from whom were descended the more famous members of the house, succeeded to the Yattendon estate. This younger son was knighted while almost a youth for his prowess in the battle of Northampton, July 9th, 1458, and was Knight of the Body to Edward IV., as well as sheriff of the twin shires in several years.

In 1483 he took part in the rebellion of the Duke of Buckingham, was attainted of high treason, and fled to Brittany, where he found Henry of Richmond, and returned with him in 1485, when Henry became king. Two years later he was in command of the Royal forces at the battle of Stoke. This remarkable man married, firstly, the widow of John Neville, Marquis of Montagu; and, secondly, a daughter of John Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford.



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STAINED GLASS—THE HALL WINDOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



PART OF THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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It was his son, Sir Henry Norreys, who was attainted and executed as the alleged lover of Anne Boleyn. The latter's son was Baron Norreys, or Norris, of Rycote, Berkshire, and his grandson, Sir John Norreys, or Norris, the famous military commander.

These notes on the younger line have taken us away from the old house of Ockwells, whose later history shall not be recounted. It passed from the family of its builder to one bearing the name of Fettiplace, and, after going through many hands, was reduced



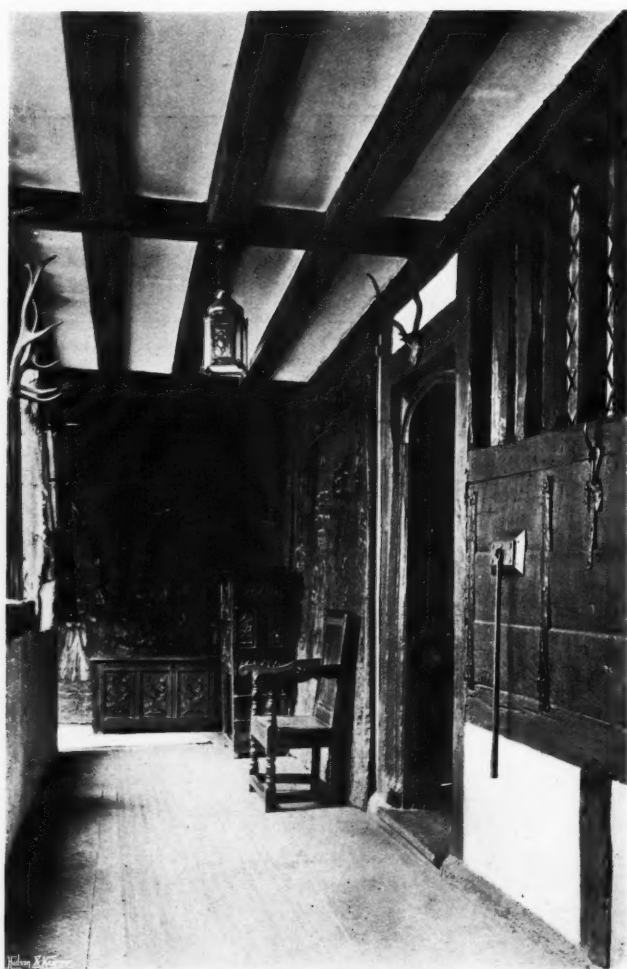
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THE SOUTH PASSAGE.

"C.L."

from its high estate, as has been described. The present owner has accomplished a great work in restoring the place in perfect taste, destroying nothing and sparing everything, introducing no jarring note, but making it the beautiful abode we depict. A wing was added on the north side in absolute harmony of style, and now Ockwells is one of the most beautiful of all the earlier houses of England.

The Great Hall is still the most interesting feature of the old structure, and perhaps nothing in it is so interesting as its wonderful old armorial glass, some of which we illustrate. The royal associations of the builder are exemplified, for here are the



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THE BUTTERY HATCH.

"C.L."

arms of Henry VI. and his Queen, Margaret of Anjou, with the coat of Norreys many times repeated, and their old motto "Feythfully serve," as our picture shows. The hall has its splendid oaken roof, many-beamed, and having moulded ribs rising from the fine panelling of the lower walls and the floor. The fireplace, with its flattened arch, the splendid bay window, with its arched lights in two ranges, the long window on the same side, the ancient armour, and all the features, carry back the mind to Plantagenet times. As may be seen, the furniture is quite in harmony with the style of the house. At the lower end of the hall—the end opposite to the place of the high table—is the characteristic screen, with its openings to the lobby and buttery hatch. Through this way came the serving-

men with the baked meats for the knight's table.

We shall leave our pictures as sufficient description of the house in detail, being content to draw attention to the exceeding quaintness of the corridors and the unspoiled charm of the place. The staircase is singularly picturesque; the dining-room grand in its simplicity of rich-hued oak and its raftered ceiling; the drawing-room revealing a slightly later taste of Elizabethan or Jacobean times,



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OLD CARVED OAK "COURT" CUPBOARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and its walls covered with splendid Spanish leather; and the billiard-room with a mantel-piece completely charming in its appropriateness of style. Enough has been said to make it clear that Ockwells Manor House is among the most remarkable of all old English dwelling-places. Very few of them have been so little changed, and not many have been so judiciously dealt with in restoration. So true is this that, if Sir John Norreys, the builder, could visit the scene of his earthly sojourn, he would find little changed in his ancient and beautiful abode.

## THE CARE OF ANIMALS.

A SERIES of books on Rural Science is being published in the United States by the Macmillan Company, and offered to students of agriculture in this country, and the one bearing the above title is now before us. These volumes are essentially American, of course, in their treatment of their various subjects, and therefore it is only advanced students who are in a position to take a wider view of their profession, and to pick up wrinkles from those who work under different circumstances, that can gain much benefit from the same. The author is Professor Mayo, the State veterinary surgeon of Kansas; and while many things are new and good in the book, there is a curious discrepancy between the preface and the general body of the work. In the preface it is stated that the farmer needs to know how to treat his animals, and that the day of the "horse-doctor book" is past, and then some thirteen or fourteen chapters out of a total of eighteen are purely veterinary surgery and medicine. A veterinary book for farmers should be devoted to hygiene—how to prevent disease, and keep livestock in a thriving, money-making condition—and the present writer feels this all the more to be the case because such books now exist, since the development of technical education within the last ten years.

Some of the wrinkles in the volume must not be omitted, however. The author recommends the keeping of stables and cowsheds at a temperature of 45deg. to 50deg. Fahr.—a height at least 5deg. below what is recommended by anyone in this country, and, as the climate here is milder than in the States during winter, then, if 45deg. is sufficient there, it ought to be sufficient here. A horse given to "bolting" his corn may be helped by putting cobble-stones in his manger, so that he has to pick it out in small quantities at a time; here we prefer to mix his feed with "chop," so that he is compelled to chew well. In physicking a sheep it ought to be set up on its hinder end, as it will swallow best in this way and be most easily held. The present writer is obliged for this information, for though he has dosed hundreds it never occurred to him to set them up this way. Drenching a horse is not so easily done as it is shown in the photograph of the same. A pony may be done in the way therein depicted, but it would need one of the sons of Anak to tackle a cart-horse of, say, seventeen hands in the same way. The same may be said of the representation of the method of drenching a bull. The animal therein shown (a Hereford) must have been of an angelic temper, or very sick, when he allowed one young man to take him by the horns and another by the nose and let them pour the medicine down his throat, and all this in an open yard without being fastened up. The writer of this has been physicking all sorts of animals—from hens to Shire horses—off and on for at least thirty years, and confidently affirms that if this style of handling the animals is the common way in America, then the farmers of the Great Republic know little about the difficulties of handling livestock at all—taking the phrase in its literal sense. This opinion is borne out by the fact that many countrymen here who saw Buffalo Bill's cowboys tackling their bucking bronchos were not greatly impressed thereby, because they had had the more difficult and hazardous experience of breaking in cart colts or other horses above the size of a "pony."

A very serious deficiency in the book—one, however, common to the class—is insufficient information on the harnessing of animals. This is a matter very pertinent to the everyday

work of a horse, whether in a carriage or a plough, and many of the troubles we have are due to wrongful fitting of the parts and adjusting the draught. Professional veterinarians seem to have a complete ignorance, or a mortal fear, of mechanics, and either avoid discussing the principles of draught and of draught harness altogether, or else make a muddle of this part of their subject. "Slipped" shoulders, harness-galls, lamenesses, and a whole group of minor ailments are due to badly fitted or adjusted harness, and a whole chapter might have been profitably taken up on this subject. Apparently the horse-torturing bearing-rein is unknown in America, as it is not mentioned in the book.

We read that mankind can take foot-and-mouth disease from cattle. It would be interesting to know if this really is the case, and to follow an alleged outbreak among men. The present reviewer in his youth came through three outbreaks of foot-and-mouth in his father's herd, drunk the raw milk from the



OCKWELLS MANOR: THE BILLIARD-ROOM CHIMNEY-PIECE.

same at the rate of at least a quart daily, helped to dress and tend the affected animals (in the pre-slaughtering days), but is not aware that he "took" the disease, or even heard of anyone who did, though scores of neighbours were doing the same kind of work.

The "Care of Animals" nowadays resolves itself into matters of hygiene principally: The proper systems of building stables, cowsheds, and other livestock buildings; ventilation, drainage, lighting, feeding, harnessing, working; breeding, rearing, and so on, with only the treatment of the common minor ailments being taken notice of. This sort of hygiene is specially important in the case of dairy farms, and the author of this book



has missed an opportunity of giving people the American ideas on such matters.

At this present time Bills are before Parliament which, if made into law, will give the sanitary authorities of our towns and cities power to harass dairy farmers off the face of the earth. One dairyman has actually been prosecuted by a London borough for not grooming his cows; another borough compels its cow-keepers to whitewash four times a year, and to swill down gutters and gangways twice a day with water; another borough wants power to test all the cows in the country round about with

tuberculin, and to slaughter the reacting animals; and so on. American views on these matters would be valuable, telling us what is done in these things on the other side of the Atlantic, and giving us an opinion as to the useful and necessary limitations in these matters. As it is, we cannot quote this book to help us in the fight for our lives. It can be recommended to those who are well up in the subject already, and are looking out for fresh ideas or other ways of doing things, but it is not suitable as a text-book for students in this country who are beginning the study of the subject.

P. McCONNELL, B.Sc.

## SUFFOLK SHEEP AND LAMBS.



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THE FLOCK OF EWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

MANY of our readers will remember the pictures we gave last year of the typical Suffolk farm tenanted by Mr. Alfred J. Smith, whose Panches and cattle are well known all over the agricultural world. At the time we promised to return to the flock of black-faced Suffolk sheep, and the moment chosen to do so is the most important in the year as far as the flock is concerned. Lambing time is always a period of mingled hope and anxiety to the breeder. For many months previously his work has all been in preparation for it, and for many months to come he will be anxious about the results, as the progeny now coming into the world will be the material he has to show during the time of exhibitions. At Rendlesham, we are glad to say that the year has not been anything like so disastrous as it has been in other parts of the country. According to an old proverb, what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and this might be applied to land. Weather which is disastrous to one part of



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A SUFFOLK SHEPHERD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the country, may be the greatest blessing to another. The light sandy soil prevalent in Rendlesham fields cannot have too much water, and the rains that have done so much mischief elsewhere have here proved most beneficial. It is only a dry summer that spells ruin at Rendlesham. It was expected from the unpropitious climatic conditions that the lambing season would not be so good as usual; but it has turned out very differently. The number of twins is uncommonly large, and there are about 900 lambs to 600 ewes, which, needless to

say, is an extremely good proportion. The returns made annually since 1887 by owners of registered Suffolk flocks show that the number of lambs to each hundred ewes ranges between 125 and 128. Of course, these figures are collected when the season is well advanced, and no flock can escape individual accidents, but, as far as one can see, the promise of the year is excellent. The ewes at the time of our visit were in perfect condition, and with the shepherds and servants as keen

on their work as they are, it would seem to be at least highly probable that the results of the year will be above rather than below the average.

The flock is a pretty old one, having been established as long ago as 1863, when Mr. Smith first entered upon the occupation of a large light land farm in Suffolk. Since that time it has been yearly replenished with great care as to the most essential points of the breed, and the flock is now classified as one of the best in the kingdom. Flock-masters at least do not need to be told that the Suffolk sheep is not a very old variety, since it was formed in the early part of the last century by crossing original horned Norfolk ewes with improved Southdown rams. In the early part of the nineteenth century the interbreeding of the Southdown and Norfolk was very general. It is stated in the prize essay on "The Agriculture of Suffolk" of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1847 that "breeding sheep are chiefly a



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INSIDE THE FOLD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of lean meat. The carcass competitions at the Smithfield Show have generally found them well to the front. They are also, it may be added, fine-looking sheep when seen in a field with their black faces and well-built, compact bodies.

Considering Mr. Smith's reputation as a practical farmer, we need not dwell on the careful and thorough manner with which everything is done in the lambing pens. It is not desired to have lambs come too early, because the land in that part of Suffolk is thin and bare, and at the beginning of the season food is never very plentiful. It is very necessary, even if the lambing is comparatively late, to put up proper shelter pens for the purpose. It was recommended in a paper published some years ago by the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England that more planting should be done, as quick-growing trees would form



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EXPOSED PASTURES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

cross between the Down and old Norfolk," and further that "it is in the breeding of sheep that the greatest improvement has taken place. The restless Norfolk is now rarely seen, its place being taken by the Southdown or by the cross between that breed and the old Norfolk, a breed equally hardy, with greater fattening properties than the old Norfolk. About that time, that is to say, in the middle of the century, they got the name of "Black-faces." Some of the oldest flocks date back as far as the year 1790, and many of them are over forty years old. In the "points" claimed for Suffolk sheep in their official flock-book, early maturity takes a prominent place. The Suffolk lamb, if well grazed, ought to be fit for the butcher at from nine to twelve months old, and ram lambs are used when they are from seven to eight months old; the sheep are hardy, and able to get a living and thrive where other breeds would starve. In constitution they are robust, and the mutton is excellent in quality, with an exceptionally large proportion

a profitable crop in themselves, and would be a useful shelter for sheep. The writer says: "In this question of shelter



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THE LAMBING FOLD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



we think there has been some neglect. Too much reliance is placed on the hardiness of sheep, while attention has been insufficiently directed to the fact that warmth is the equivalent of food, and that shelter means comfort." It may be added, that as Mr. Alfred Smith supplied much of the practical information which the writer used, we may be sure that he carries his precepts into action. As a matter of fact all these points about shelter are

carefully considered during the previous autumn. The pens, in the first place, must be near a root crop; and, in the second place, it is very advisable to build a couple of corn-ricks near where it is proposed to have the fold. If you have sufficient straw and hurdles the problem of erecting shelters is a very easy one. The description of the yard is as follows: "A yard for 600 ewes is fifteen hurdles square. On the coldest side of the yard is built a long stack of straw from the barley-rick, so that a small piece can be cut daily for bedding in the pens. Each of the other three sides is constructed of a double row of pens, the two rows being parallel, and from 2ft. to 3ft. apart. This double row of pens must be set out before threshing the wheat-stack. A good many hurdles are required, and, unless they are wattled hurdles, it would be well—in fact, indispensable—that they should have, at any rate, five ledges beside the back, so that the young lambs may not get through to the next pen. If these pens are properly set out there will, of course, be fifteen on each of the three insides of the yard, and also fifteen on each of the corresponding outsides, thus providing accommodation for ninety ewes, and probably more, as the pens are sometimes made only three-fourths of a hurdle wide,



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TWINNS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

this being found sufficient for single lambs. In fact, 120 ewes with their lambs have sometimes found good shelter in this size of yard. The pens having been well set out with hurdles as described, there remains the roof, the most important part. A shower does not hurt a lamb so much as a continuation of wet, and if the roof of the pen is insufficient, it will not only run with water during the shower, but will continue to drip

after the storm is over, especially if it should be a snow-storm."

Our photographer has been very successful in obtaining typical incidents of the lambing fold. The reader will see at a glance what the enclosure itself is like, and how the ewes and their offspring are sheltered at this critical period of their life. It is a moment of great anxiety to the shepherd. Some of the tiny creatures need doctoring almost as soon as they come into the world, and some are bound by the nature of the case to lose their mothers as they are born, in which case the shepherd himself must act as nurse until a foster-mother be provided. In one instance we see him feeding a motherless lamb with milk from a bottle exactly as if it had been a baby. We see him again standing behind his hurdles, a fine example of the careful Nature-learned shepherd of East Anglia. This class of labourer, despite all that science has taught, is very often thrown on his own resources, and develops into an original and thoughtful character. The flock-masters in this part of the country have done a great deal to educate their "herd laddies." During the winter they have instituted classes where lectures of a very practical kind are given by farmers, followed by a general



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REMOVING THE SINGLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

conversation. In the written examination the lads are asked to describe the treatment required both by ewes and lambs, and they are asked to give an account of diseases such as liver-rot or fluke, blood poisoning, garget, and so on. This is found to stimulate their intelligence and prepare them for taking a much greater interest in the important work allotted them.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### PLOVERS' EGGS.

AT this season of the year it is desirable that an energetic protest should be made against the stupid fashion of treating plovers' eggs as a luxury. In point of fact this is one of the silliest ideas imaginable. Not one in a thousand of those who eat these eggs can tell, except by the colour of the shell, whether they were laid by a seagull, a curlew, a pheasant, or a partridge. The eggs of the plover have no flavour peculiar to them whatever; and, indeed, what are sold as plovers' eggs, are in most cases those of other birds. The fashion deserves to be condemned, because the plover is one of those birds that are absolutely harmless, and against which no one can urge any fault. The plover does not eat grain like the wood-pigeon, or carry off eggs like the jay, or slaughter young birds like the rook. One of its principal articles of diet is the wireworm, which works endless mischief to the farmer's crop. From a utilitarian point of view, it is in every way desirable that the plover should be protected, and if the matter be looked at from the æsthetic side there is no more beautiful bird. Just at this time of the year, when pairing has been accomplished and nests are being made on the bare upland fields, a beautiful sight is that of the plovers guarding their homes. The rooks, gulls, and other egg robbers are stooped at with the grace and daring of a falcon, and even the shepherd when he is going his rounds calls forth the bird's



FEEDING AN ORPHAN.

pugnacity. It may not exactly buffet him, but with its warlike cry it dives down at his head, to his intense amusement. It would be a pity in every way imaginable if the rage for plovers' eggs were to continue to such an extent that the numbers of this bird were appreciably reduced.

### PRESERVED MILK.

It will be bad news to English farmers that a company has been formed for the purpose of preserving milk by means of a patent process of aeration. At present we do not wish to comment on the result, because, when samples were sent to us, we despatched them to a well-known agricultural expert, for whose report we are now waiting. But there can be no doubt with regard to the fact that by the plan now being adopted milk can be kept fresh and pure practically as long as is desired, and what the results of this are likely to be it is not easy to guess. For the time being English farmers have a monopoly of the business of supplying milk for direct consumption. Every other product of their farm is more or less open to competition, and has been reduced in price in consequence; but up to now foreigners have not been able to send milk into this country to an extent that seriously interfered with the home trade. A very, very small number of gallons comes in annually. If, however, this patent means of preserving milk were to be adopted abroad, it is inevitable that the quantity of milk shipped to this country would be very largely increased. The very merits of the patent would facilitate this, as it is claimed that the system is extraordinarily cheap, making, practically speaking, no difference in the price of milk. Now in Denmark it would pay much better to send milk to London than butter, and, in fact, competition from Australia and elsewhere threatens at the present moment to bring the price of butter down to an unremunerative level. But for fresh milk they could obtain from two to three times as much as is given for the same article when it is manufactured into butter; hence the gravity of the outlook. The importation of milk on a large scale into England would be a crushing blow to English farming.

## THE INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

THERE are few meetings which old University men enjoy more than the Oxford and Cambridge Sports. They lack the prolonged and dignified seriousness of the cricket match, but provide in its place a series of brief, quick contests, all counting as points for a victory.

Further, there is ample time—sometimes too ample—for strolling about and seeing old friends, often "Blues" of repute and antiquity. Among others whom I met was E. J. Davies, the long jumper of the early "seventies," whose 22ft. 10½in., done at his last jump, stood as a record for twenty years, when C. B. Fry beat it in 1892. Davies (a Clifton boy) was a splendid all-rounder, and once won four or five events in the Cambridge

sports, but the "Hundred" was the only other event that he wrested from Oxford. In those days a "Blue" was entitled to wear a stripe of light blue on his running drawers for every event in which he was a winner. There was little room for anything but blue satinette on Davies's costume had he fought against Oxford

in every event which he won at Cambridge. Another once famous pair who were present on Saturday were the Hon. F. G. Pelham and G. A. Templer, both quarter milers. Pelham was the senior man by several years, but took to the mile, and I shall never forget the half-mile we had in the championships in the old days of Lillie Bridge when these two warriors met. I cannot recall the time, but I do recall the race, for there was never more



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MR. E. E. LEADER JUMPING 5ft. 11in.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



than 6ft. between the two men, though I forget entirely which won. The matter of memory recalls Ned—E. C.—Hawtrej, the dogged three-miler, who ran the famous dead-heat with Benson in 1872, and who admits, I believe, that all he remembers of the finish was seeing a coachman seated on a drag behind the tape drinking champagne out of the neck of the bottle! He, too—Hawtrej, not the coachman—was there on Saturday, beaming as in his undergraduate days, but not looking eager for a desperate finish. In the first twelve years of the sports Hawtrej was the only Cantab who got home first in the Three Miles. Another old Light Blue was represented in the racing by his son, for J. Churchill, the Cambridge sprinter, is the son of



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MR. K. CORNWALLIS FINISHING THE HALF-MILE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

W. H. Churchill who won the Quarter in 1877 and 1878, which reminds me that E. S. Garnier, cricketer as well as hurdler, has in the last eight years seen the Hurdles won six times by two of his sons. The two crews were present, of course, the Cantabs beaming with satisfaction at their success, *à propos* of which one of them informed me that two powerful oarsmen were not allowed to "dip" till half the race was over. None of them showed any signs of overtraining, except the coach himself, C. H. W. Taylor, whose work is almost as arduous as that of his flock, and a great deal more "worrying." In short, past and present "Blues" of all kinds and dates were present, with a good sprinkling of their sisters, and, doubtless, of other people's sisters, for there were many ladies among the 7,000 who



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MR. A. R. CHURCHILL IN THE THREE-MILE RACE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

were estimated to be present. There were some grumbles at the prices charged, though they are venerable with antiquity; but for an afternoon's entertainment 2s. 6d. and 5s. are rather tough sums to pay for standing room only. Of course, the clubs have to exist, but, as with the penny post, lower fees would, I think, bring in larger sums. Again, it is hard on the half-crown folk that they cannot be admitted at the Comeragh Road entrance, but have to walk round and perhaps miss the first race. Again, many people want to know why a weight attached to a sort of wire chain is called a "hammer," and would like to see the ponderous implement of G. H. Hales reproduced.

The first race, the Hundred Yards, was a rare scurry

for three-fourths of the distance, Barclay then winning cleverly. It is curious that Barclay, twice second string, has twice lost at Cambridge and has thrice won at the Queen's Club. Then came the Half-mile, for which Oxford sent in two long-striding giants, who quite overpowered the Cantabs in bulk; but of the quartette who started, three at least were likely to do 1min. 56sec.—a remarkable trio. Holding of Oxford generously sacrificed his own chance by making the pace for Cornwallis, whose length of stride enabled him to outspurt Gregson, the Cantab, in the last 60yds., and to win in such grand time as 1min. 54.4-5sec., time which, I understand, is only 1-5sec. above record. As a matter of detail, no records were actually beaten on Saturday, but

several got a nasty shaking. Had the weather been a little warmer, something in the breaking line might well have been done. The score was now one all, but not till the Long Jump, the eighth event out of ten, was Oxford to win another point. Throwing the so-called "Hammer" was credited, rather unexpectedly, to Spicer of Cambridge, though there was nothing Gargantuan about the distance accomplished. The Hurdles went to Teall of Cambridge, who had the race at his mercy all the way, as was expected. In the High Jump neither Oxonian could pass 5ft. 7in., and Doorly, the second Cantab, could not manage 5ft. 8in., but Leader went on and cleared 5ft. 11in., a height equalled in 1893 by E. D. Swanwick, and beaten

only by the extraordinary 6ft. 2½in. of M. J. Brooks in 1876. The Weight was won by Lord Cobham's son, G. W. Lyttelton, a splendid type of muscularity, who "putted" 37ft. 11in. Cantabs are hoping that he will some day reach 40ft., a distance which, with 3ft. added, has been attained only by Coe, the American Oxonian, in 1902. In Hammer Throwing and Weight Putting we are far behind the Americans, merely for the want of scientific instruction and proper practice. In the matter of these two events and the two jumps, I have always held that the management errs in distributing them over the meeting, instead of lumping them together, with due regard to the necessities of the competitors, at the beginning.

In the first place, only a few people can watch them closely, and to many they are dull; in the second, were the first half-hour allotted to some, or all of them, many of us who are not keen on them would be saved a scurry from business and an often hasty lunch. Those who care to see them could arrange to be up in time; certainly many would be glad to be saved that extra half-hour of rather weary patrolling with nothing to see. The Three Miles produced a fine bit of running by A. R. Churchill—no relation to the sprinter. After two miles—the first covered in the wonderful time of 4min. 37sec.—he had the game at his mercy, and with no one to help him won by 350yds. in 14min. 57.3-5sec., a remarkable bit of running for a man who was never pressed. This time has only been beaten by F. S. Horan. Oxford's turn came at

last in the Long Jump, though Leach's performance was not remarkable. The Mile showed the stamina of Gregson, the Cantab; he had run a punishing half-mile less than two hours before, yet covered the longer distance in 4min. 20sec., a piece of running that was received with great applause. Finally came the Quarter, in which the Oxonian, Cornwallis, probably feeling the effects of the Half-mile, lost by a yard or two to Barclay, who thus pulled off two events. Had Cornwallis been quite fresh, he probably would have won, but it would have been a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, of missing the Half and winning the Quarter. The race was so far remarkable that at 300yds. it was a dead-heat of four apparently, then the

champions drew away and fought out a punishing finish. The full score now stands at twenty-one victories to Cambridge and eighteen to Oxford. Cambridge has won eight events to two this year and last. W. J. FORD.

## THE BOAT RACE.

THERE were several circumstances connected with the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race this year which are likely to make it memorable in the history of that classic contest. For one thing, it was rowed at an unusually early hour of the morning, the crews having actually started before the clock struck eight. One would not describe it as a very inviting morning either, the one thing in favour of the oarsmen being the practical absence of wind. Only the lightest of breezes was breathing rather than blowing, but otherwise it was raw and damp, and a moderately thick fog hung over the muddy waters of the Thames. In spite of these drawbacks a crowd of quite the usual size lined both banks, and were rewarded for their shivering vigil by seeing a magnificent race. Experts had previously concluded that Cambridge would win, because, although the Oxford crew was the heavier and stronger of the two, the Cambridge men rowed with a style and finish that were bound to tell in the end. Certainly the beaten crew made a plucky and determined fight. The Dark Blues lost the toss and had to take the Middlesex station, but in the absence



W. A. Rouch. Copyright.  
WAITING TO MAN THE BOAT.

when some little change began to be discerned in the situation. Those who backed Cambridge might have been pardoned for a little anxiety up to that moment, for though their exhibition of rowing was an absolutely perfect one, Oxford, with a pluck worthy of the traditions of the game, kept well in front. Before coming to Hammersmith Bridge, however, the Cambridge captain had begun to issue a resolute challenge, and by the time Harrod's Stores were reached only a length separated the boats. One could see that the Oxonians were now pressing with all their might, while their rivals rowed like men who still had something in hand for a sprint. As the boats passed under Hammersmith Bridge Oxford were only three feet in front, and two or three of the crew were hanging out signals of distress, and no shame to them, as they had been stretching every muscle and really putting the might of heart and body into it. But now the Cantabs reaped the harvest of their restraint and style. They were rowing thirty-three to their opponents' thirty-two, and at the Old Mills were half a length in front, which had grown into a full length when Chiswick Eyot was reached. The Oxford men were still rowing pluckily, but it was evident

that they were beaten, and the remainder of the race was little more than a procession. It is true the Oxford men seemed to recover themselves a little, and rowed hard and well; but the Light Blues did not cease in their efforts either, and eventually won by four and a-half lengths, the time of the race being 21min. 37sec. It was noticed that when the men came out of the boats the



W. A. Rouch.

THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT.

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of wind this did not matter much. They made an excellent start, that must have pleased Mr. Fletcher, their coach, who had given a lot of attention to this often-important point in a race. Both crews started at racing speed, that is to say, thirty-eight strokes to the minute. It was not long before the muscle of Oxford began to tell, and when opposite the London Boathouse they were half a length in front, putting tremendous strength into their work. The Cambridge crew, on the other hand, seemed to have themselves thoroughly in hand, and, though they lost ground, kept up the admirable style for which they are distinguished. It was about Hammersmith Bridge

Cambridge crew were looking as fresh and fit as if they had only been for a morning spin, while the Oxonians were completely broken down nor can one wonder at it after the plucky and hard fight they had made.

It was a race that ought to count among the finest in the history of this annual contest, and it was pleasant to notice

that among the spectators were a large number of working men. They get tired of those professional contests of one kind and another wherein it is impossible to be sure that the rivals are doing their best. Here is sport of a very different kind, viz., a struggle between two crews, each of which is resolute to



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AT THE START, PUTNEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



gain the mastery over the other, and where all is so fair and above-board that it is impossible for the most cynical to have a doubt about its genuineness. Here, indeed, is sport worth looking at.

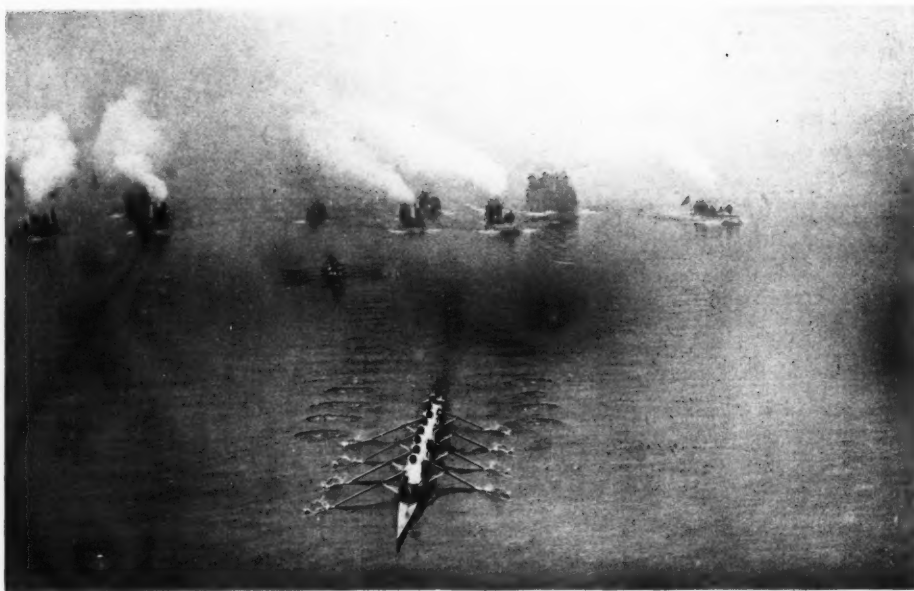
## LITERARY NOTES.

MISS CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN writes of *Home: Its Work and Influence* (Heinemann) in a manner that in the modern Athens would have been designated "metafescical." She has for motto, "Shall the home be our world . . . or the world our home," and before settling down to prose, indulges herself in a large dose of poetry, of what we might call the exclamatory and interrogative style, as thus:

"Duty? Aye duty! Duty! Mark the word  
I turned to my old standard. It was rent  
From hem to hem, and through the gaping  
place

I saw my undone duties to the race,"

and so on. Having, so to speak, tossed the foam away in this manner, she settles down to steady, if highly moralised, prose, starting at the evolution of the home. We think she might have gone even further back, since she finds the germ of the idea in a fox's earth or a rabbit hole, but a cabbage or other vegetable would answer better to her definition, since it is not only kept to a place which is its home, but anchored there by its roots. Indeed, it would be quite possible to set up an argument the very reverse of what she does, since



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world were not so sensitive and delicate and shrinking as the modern art critic. Yet, in saying that, we cannot at the same time restrain a feeling of admiration for the noble and fine ideal which Ruskin cherished himself and tried with honour and fidelity to impress on his countrymen. He would have had more to show at the end of his long day's work if he had been stained a little even with the grossness of that world in which he lived apart.

A new and comely edition of *The Booke of Thenseyguementes and Techynge that the Knyght of the Towre Made to His Doughters* (Newnes), is a book to lie by the bedside or in the summer-house, the quaint old-world English being very suitable for different moods, and it has the advantage that you can take it up and read a little at any time without losing the run of the story, for in truth it is a collection of *disjecta membra*; in other words, an excellent anthology of the short stories current when the world was younger than it is now.

*The Sporting Dog*, by Joseph A. Graham, is the title of a book published by the Macmillan Company, New York, and it must be confessed that it is a little disappointing. The enterprise and resourcefulness with which Americans are credited would have led us to hope that one or two new breeds of sporting dogs would have been evolved during the centuries in which the country has been developed; but Mr. Graham does not lay claim to more than one, the Chesapeake Bay Dog, and this, he says, is rapidly disappearing, chiefly because ducks are not so plentiful as they used to be in the eastern States. The remark of "the most persistent duck shot among the club men of St. Louis," who is quoted as an authority, sounds rather

strange to English ears: "Why should there be so many? It is as easy to gather dead ducks as to pick up decoys, and both can be done at the same time." Evidently ducks are still so numerous that the wounded may be neglected without greatly affecting the total of the bag; but we cannot help thinking that a few good retrievers would save a great deal of unnecessary suffering, besides adding considerably to the enjoyment of the shooter. The rest of the book is mainly devoted to describing the various breeds with



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the advance of civilisation to a large extent means freeing humanity from this attachment to one location. The difference that locomotion makes counts for everything, and though it may be said that we are only like balls swinging hither and thither, but ever drawn back by an elastic attachment, yet the modern is superior to the ancient, inasmuch as he can make a longer swing. This sounds somewhat more philosophic than usual, but it is so written to keep in touch with the book, which is conceived in a similar vein of moralisation. Those who like that kind of writing will find this volume full of it, and we heartily recommend it to their notice.

It would be an interesting task to make a thorough analysis of Mr. Ruskin's ideas about art as presented in the latest volume of his works, *Lectures on Art* (Allen). But that is not practicable at the moment. All we can do is to say how nicely printed and got up is the new volume, and what a great deal of reading it presents which is always interesting and suggestive even when we disagree with it. We take it up at random, and come upon that curious disquisition on the antipathy of really artistic minds to the "jesting of entirely gross persons." We confess this to be a dark saying to us. Chaucer certainly had no such antipathy. Sooth to say, he had the reverse. Boccaccio, the most artistic story-teller who ever lived, is, in places, scarcely printable, and William Shakespeare seems to have entered with all gusto into the grossness of Sir John Falstaff. The great men of the



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THE BOAT RACE: GOING AWAY.

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which every English sportsman is familiar—pointers, setters, retrievers, spaniels, foxhounds, beagles, etc. Mr. Graham generously acknowledges that all these owe their origin to imported dogs, and although he tabulates their points very fully, very little that is new is recorded. The nervous temperament of the American demands that no time should be wasted. As Mr. Graham says: "The American will pardon every defect but one. That one is inability to stand the pace. Consequently, the dog which has more beef and timber than his nerve power can carry, is replaced by another that can

go the route at the pace." This desirable end has been attained, according to Mr. Graham, not by breeding a dog to a definite type, but by choosing a dog which already possesses these qualifications. The book, though of little real value to the English dog-breeder, is full of interest, showing, as it does, the opinions in vogue on the other side of the Atlantic, and in those chapters on training and care, breeding, and bench shows and field trials, many useful hints will be found which are worth the consideration of even the most experienced.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SIR HENRY SETON-KARR ON SALMON MIGRATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps there is not much to say on the main theses of Sir H. Seton-Karr's argument, by which he demolishes (his word, not mine) the suggestion of Sir Spencer Walpole that salmon follow in the sea the paths that were river beds in the time of their ancestors. On the main theses there is not much to say, because they have been discussed before. I am surprised to find Sir Henry hesitating to swallow wholesale the theory that the salmon began existence as a river fish, and favouring the Laocæan opinion that he always was an "up and down" fish—fresh water and salt. He quotes Sir Herbert Maxwell in one part of his article. I will quote Sir Herbert Maxwell as a firm believer in the fresh-water origin of *Salmo salar*. The affirmative points suggested by Sir H. Seton-Karr, after the work of "demolition" is thus done, are three: (a) that the fish are guided in their return to their rivers by the fresh-water currents; (b) that size depends on feeding, heredity, etc.; (c) that salmon take lures in rivers for no reason that we know, but for some reasons at which we can guess. The second and third propositions raise no points worth debating; the first has been already debated by Mr. Kay Robinson. But if there is in all this little that is novel or very convincing, Sir Henry does, indeed, deserve warmest thanks for the pleasant picture that he draws of a stage of the world's existence, when mammoths pervaded the earth and pterodactyls darkened the sky. He speaks of Sir Spencer Walpole's theory of salmon migration as "romantic"—this picture that he draws for us suggests a positive fairyland. If the grave historian were to exhibit to us Cæsar landing in Britain, and Admiral Togo simultaneously bombarding Port Arthur, he would not present us with an anachronism nearly as bold as that of Sir H. Seton-Karr. He asks, is there any evidence that the salmon lived in the days of the mammoth and the pterodactyl? In the days of the pterodactyl, no—there is abundant evidence that he did not exist then. In the days of the mammoth, yes—there is evidence that he is older than that comparatively latter-day monster. And the important point is that there is abundant evidence of the existence of *Salmo salar* while the present English Channel was so small that the *entente cordiale* could be confirmed by a handshake across it—but there were only quadrumanous hands to shake.—HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I must write and thank you for your admirable article, "Parks and Nurseries," in COUNTRY LIFE, which I have read with great satisfaction. You have voiced, I am certain, the sentiments of all lovers of our open-air spaces in London in deploring the unnecessary mound throwing that is going on in Hyde Park merely for a nursery for the bedding-out plants. It surely means a waste of effort as well as a serious eyesore. How can it be expected that plants will thrive satisfactorily in the smoke-laden atmosphere to warrant this destruction of that "long gentle vale," you so aptly describe, from Marble Arch? The view of the Serpentine and the far side of Rotten Row is gone for ever. One is brought up in front of a railway cutting sort of bank which is an offence to all artistic taste. The plethora of iron railings, the absence of talent in the grouping of flowers in the bedding out by Park Lane should call wide attention to the Chief Commissioner and his wicked ways! In future he should be compelled to give warning to the public before he is allowed to cut and carve our national property at his own sweet will. I know it is thoroughly characteristic of the national spirit to flounder when it is a question of the incompetents undertaking work for which they are obviously unfitted, but imagine our French neighbours spoiling a fine piece of park land in the heart of a great city in the thoughtless, graceless fashion our people are doing.—G. H.

### THE MIGRATION OF WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the letters on the above most interesting and mysterious subject which have recently appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, I venture to think that the following records from Lord Ardilaun's game records may be of interest to your readers in more or less directly proving that the old birds do return to the same coverts, and to particular spots in those coverts, year after year, provided they are fortunate enough to escape the ruthless pursuit of the foreign "sportsman" during the nesting and migrating season. At Lord Ardilaun's place, Ashford, in County Galway, the most famous beat is Ballykyne. On this particular beat in 1891, 209 woodcock were killed in one day; in 1894, 205; and in 1904, 211. Now, in two of the seasons immediately preceding the particularly "fat" years, owing to sickness or other cause, this beat was not shot at all, and in 1893, owing to very bad weather, the beat was very lightly shot. This rather tends to prove the fact that the woodcocks having had a "jubilee" the previous year, more old birds than usual returned to Ballykyne the following season. And further, in Ballykyne itself, there is one beat that has not been thinned or touched in any way for, at any rate, twenty years, yet this beat is always the best in every season, yielding on four different occasions fifty-two, fifty-four, fifty-six, and fifty-seven woodcock. This beat is apparently very little different from others in the same wood, except that, perhaps, there are rather more old hollies, and yet, year after year, it is always full of woodcock, and there are certain spots in it when the beaters arrive, at which you are certain

to see four or five, or perhaps more, woodcock in the air at the same time. (N.B.—There are no springs; the whole beat is on limestone rocks thickly covered with a dense overgrowth of hazel and hollies.) With regard to the breeding of woodcock in these islands, it is certain that many more breed in Ireland and in certain parts of England than was the case thirty years ago. Perhaps this may be caused by the increased intelligence of the present breed, who may possibly realise that once the shooting season is over they and their families will be strictly preserved, and also that their natural enemies are fewer in this country than in Northern Europe.—ARTHUR ACLAND HOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Through the kindness of the head-keeper at Alnwick Castle, I am enabled to send you a list of woodcock marked at Alnwick, and the number shot since and where killed. You will observe that apparently a number either do not leave or else come back quickly, while others appear to scatter the same year as marked, and migrate in all directions (*vide* the 1903 birds). The woodcock are marked when quite young. W. Meech (the head-keeper) writes me that he thinks nearly all the home-bred birds leave in August or early September, as very few are to be seen about then. From the evidence of the list I enclose, there is nothing to show that the birds go away east. Lord Galloway is, I think, going to mark woodcock on his property in Wigtownshire, so we may hope to learn more.—M. R. P.

### WOODCOCK MARKED AT ALNICK 1891 TO 1903.

Year.	No. marked.	Birds shot.	Where killed and date.
1891	6	2	One at Harehope, Northumberland, November, 1891; One at Alnwick Park, December, 1892
1892	5	1	Alnwick Park, January, 1896
1894	4	2	Broome Park, Northumberland, November, 1894; Hepburn Wood, Northumberland, January, 1895
1895	6	0	
1896	9	3	One at Alnwick Park, November, 1896; One at Alnwick Park, December, 1896; One at Alnwick Park, November, 1898
1897	19	4	Two at Alnwick Park, January, 1898; One in County Wexford, Ireland, December, 1897; One at Alnwick Park, December, 1901
1898	23	4	One at Alnwick Park, December, 1898; One at Alnwick Park, January, 1899; One in County Cork, Ireland, 1898; One at Craster, Northumberland, February, 1901
1900	25	2	One at Barmoor Castle, Northumberland, December 1902; One at Alnwick Park, November, 1903
1901	22	2	One at Alnwick Park, November, 1903; One at Galloway House, Garlieston, December, 1903
1902	25	3	One at Rothbury, Northumberland, October, 1902; One at East Bolton, Northumberland, October, 1902; One in County Cork, Ireland, March, 1903
1903	26	5	One at Careston Castle, Brechin, N.B., November, 1903; One at Broome Park, Northumberland, November, 1903; One at Coombe Hill, Somersetshire, November, 1903; One at Swinhoe, Northumberland, December, 1903; One at Alnwick Park, January, 1904

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not agree with your correspondent who states that the home-bred birds leave about a week before the new flight come in. I have shot 1903 birds in November in the place where bred, and one 1903 bird some hundred miles farther west. If the home-bred birds all leave for foreign parts each autumn, it would be very curious that they, or some, should live and return to the place of breeding. It must be remembered that only a few are marked at Alnwick, I believe, and of these comparatively few birds many are shot.—M.

### A WHITE-HEADED BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen a letter in your paper of the 19th ult. from T. Macnaghten about a white-headed blackbird being seen by him, I thought he might be interested to know that a white-headed blackbird built a nest last spring in the bushes on our lawn, and hatched four birds, all of which have white feathers about them, one on the head and wings, and the other three have some white wing feathers. I may say we have not seen the mother bird since the young birds were hatched, but the others are constantly on our lawn.—MARY BROWN, South Wales Training College, Carmarthen.

### A GIPSY CAMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a gipsies' tent depicts a scene common enough all over rural England to-day, though, perhaps, not so common as it was some fifty years ago. The authorities have realised the





great objection there is to all sorts of vagabonds camping out freely on our commons, and often on private property. The majority of them are not only thieves and poachers, but they have absolutely no respect for the rights of the proprietors on whose lands they camp, as witness the position of the fire in this picture. If the bracken and gorse are not set alight, it is certain that the tree overhanging the fire will be more or less injured, not to mention the contents of the pot, so conspicuously displayed, the more savoury portion of which was very probably picked up on the same estate. Much has been written about the picturesque side of gipsy life, but, as a matter of fact, it is, as a rule, sordid and squalid to the lowest degree, and the sooner these wanderers are cleared off, the better for the peace and morals of rural England.—COUNTRYMAN.

#### SCOTCH KEEPERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A copy of your issue of February 20th has reached me here, containing a generally fair notice of "The Keeper's Book," of which I am one of the joint authors. In case your review might lead the public to imagine that the authors have gone out of their way to make an attack upon Scottish keepers in general, I hasten to correct any such impression. We have not spared the indifferent keeper, but I must entirely object to the conclusion your reviewer draws, that "the authors' opinion of Scotch keepers is not a very high one." No such sweeping generalisation is permissible as to the estimation in which Mr. Mackie and myself hold the keeper north of the Tweed. I humbly suggest a second reading of the volume to correct this statement, which attributes to me and my coadjutor not only want of sense, but want of charity. With regard to your criticism of the



word "idiots" in reference to the firing line, I am afraid that the excusable exaggeration has found the reviewer's sense of humour not very alert. Otherwise I can only thank you for your lengthy, exhaustive, and generous review.—A. STODART WALKER, Grand Hotel, Khartoum.

#### BIRD ETIQUETTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am afraid that the behaviour of the rooks as described by your correspondent in your last issue, is not due to any such exalted feelings as he supposes, but is attributable to sheer unadulterated cowardice. My reasons for so thinking arise from the following circumstances: I formerly had a small lawn situate just outside my dining-room window; on the other side of the lawn from the house was a field where rooks used to congregate in numbers of twenty to thirty. There was a row of trees along the boundary between the lawn and the field. My wife and children were accustomed to throw pieces of bread, etc., on to the lawn for the small birds. The rooks would never venture on to the lawn while there was anyone at the window, but used to sit on the trees watching the small birds. If any small bird flew off with a piece of food, two or three of the rooks would immediately chase it, until in its fear it would drop the food, which was at once appropriated by one or other of the rooks. Not much chivalry about this! Further, if there was nobody at the window the rooks would swoop down off the trees on to the lawn, drive away the small birds, and gobble up the food intended for the latter with a greediness and want of consideration for weaker folk wholly inconsistent with the high character with which your correspondent credits them. The only way we could ensure the small birds getting even a fair proportion of the food intended for them was for one of us to keep constantly appearing at the window, when the cowardice of the rooks would overcome their greediness, and they would again fly up into the trees. We now put the food in a more secluded spot where the rooks will not venture; but they still sit on the trees waiting to chase any small bird that flies out into the open.—NOT A LOVER OF ROOKS.



#### AN UNCOMMON SPECIMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may interest some of the numerous readers of COUNTRY LIFE, amongst whom are doubtless many naturalists who can prove or disprove the following statements, namely—that albinism is most uncommon amongst the wader tribe, and that but one or two other specimens have been found of a curlew with snow-white plumage. The usual pink eye of the albino is wanting, but whether this was the case during life is open to doubt. The bird here shown was shot at Johnston, County Derry, by the son of a farmer, possibly a poacher, not so great a rarity in Ireland as the subject under discussion, and sold, with other wildfowl, to a game-dealer in Londonderry. It was there seen and bought by a lover of natural history who realised its value as a freak of Nature seldom met with.—G. B.

#### A SEDAN-CHAIR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was very much interested in your article about the Gatton Park flock, and think you may like to supplement the pictures in COUNTRY LIFE with the accompanying photograph of a Sedan-chair that is in the hall there. It and the old Town Hall in the park are relics of different and more bustling days than these.—P. H.